

THE
SCOURGE.

MAY 1st, 1816.

RETRENCHMENT AND ECONOMY.

THAT the country is in a very critical and perilous state; that our commerce is stagnated, our industry fettered, the agricultural interest nearly ruined, and the sum of public distress greater than was ever known at any former period;—these, alas! are melancholy truths, but too incontrovertibly proved and established by lamentable experience. The excessive burthens of the state, and the overwhelming weight of taxation, have reduced the labouring classes to the lowest ebb of misery. Some of the very first branches of British manufacture are now totally suspended—the foreign market no longer supplies a source of employment to the artizan and the mechanic; for how is it possible for a country so heavily saddled with taxes as Great Britain, and where, of course, the price of labour must bear some proportion to that of the necessaries of life—how, we repeat, is it possible for us to furnish the continent with an infinite variety of manufactured goods, at so low a price as they can be supplied by the foreign trader, who does not pay his workmen one third of the wages which are given in this country?

As long, therefore, as no reduction takes place in the weight of taxation, so long will it be utterly impossible for us to compete with our continental rivals, or to controul the foreign market. Now it must be evident, that no hope of reduction in the national expenditure can be

rationality entertained, unless the system of progressive extravagance, so uniformly and invariably acted upon by ministers, be totally checked and subverted. The most rigorous economy alone can operate this salutary effect. Retrenchment, in the most strict and extensive acceptation of the word, becomes indispensably necessary. Not only must all sinecures and useless appointments be cancelled and annulled, without pity; but a considerable reduction ought to be made in the overgrown salaries of all public offices and trusts under government.

And here we should not act amiss, were we to take example from the present government of France. Seldom has it fallen to our lot to speak in terms of commendation of the measures pursued by the Bourbons. But let us still award to every one his due. If it be permitted, as Virgil justly observes, to take a lesson from an enemy—" *fas est et ab hoste doceri*"—how much more lawful and expedient is it, to follow the good example of an ally? Our most gracious Prince Regent was pleased to *recommend* economy, in his speech, on the opening of the present sessions of parliament. Louis XVIII. recommended the same virtue to his two chambers; but the French monarch did not rest here: he not merely *recommended* economy, but was, himself, the first to set the example, and to *practise* it. Our most gracious Prince is continually craving, in aid of the civil list; Louis XVIII. on the other hand, contributes from the civil list, annually, ten millions of francs to the exigencies of the state.

But the French have gone still further than all this, in their system of salutary retrenchment. They have struck at once at the very vitals of the evil of national prodigality, and, to adopt the emphatic language of the prophet of the wilderness, have *laid the axe to the root of the tree*. A scale of gradual deduction from all salaries, applicable to the national expenditure, has been decreed, commencing as low as five hundred francs per annum, (a sum not amounting to one and twenty pounds sterling,)

and rising in proportion to the highest appointments in the state. By the regulations of this scale, the very lowest class, that is to say, all persons holding public situations, under one and twenty pounds per annum, pay to the state at the rate of one per cent. on the amount of their appointments. From this low per-centage the scale rises, by progressive increase of rate, till it amounts to no less a sum than *thirty-three* per cent. on the highest employments.

Again, the French committee of finance have very wisely improved upon the plan of this economical system, by the introduction of an additional clause to prevent the accumulation of places and appointments, or at least of the emoluments thereunto attached, in the person of one and the self-same individual. What would that disinterested placeman, Mr. GEORGE ROSE, say to the enactment of a similar law in this country? Of his support, should a motion to that effect be made in the House of Commons, there can be little doubt!

But ministers and their retainers will tell us, that they actually have commenced the grand work of economy and retrenchment; that they have embarked with heart and soul in the enterprize; and that they are equally indefatigable and sincere, in the accomplishment of an object, so devoutly to be wished. In proof of this, they will cite you the example of his Royal Highness, our most gracious Prince Regent, who, not less desirous to *practise* economy, than he has shown himself to *recommend* it, has commenced the important operation, by *commensurate* reductions in his own establishment, at Carlton House, from which, not less than *four* footmen, we understand, have been, or are to be discharged. Stimulated by such high and virtuous example, ministers have followed up the business of retrenchment with equal zeal and effect; and, although they will not suffer a profane finger to be laid upon their own enormous salaries and perquisites, nor yet hear of any deduction from the appointments of their immediate partizans and

adherents, they have very liberally turned adrift upon the wide world, a number of petty clerks and supernumeraries, in the different public offices, all of whom have *earned the bread of which they partook*; and who are now left to starve, or take to the highway, as may seem most expedient and befitting.

With equal justice and consistency, Mr. GEORGE ROSE, of whom we have already made honorable mention, as a paragon of *disinterested* worth, (for such he has most clearly proved himself to be, by the tenacity with which he clings to perquisite and sinecure) proceeding on the same principle of economy, consents to discharge a number of clerks from the offices under his controul; though, at the same time, he is compelled to acknowledge, that there is work in abundance left undone, abundance of employment for them—the pay-books of the navy, by his own confession, not having been made up since 1786—consequently they must be no less than thirty years in arrear!

Still arguing in favour of ministers and their adherents, and of the enlightened zeal with which they co-operate in the grand work of economy and retrenchment, we cannot over-look the glorious instance of patriotic disinterestedness and generosity, presented to us by the Secretary of the Navy, in voluntarily *resigning* all pretensions to an increase of salary, at a time when there is little duty attached to the situation he holds. Not even all the intreaties of his colleagues could prevail upon the virtuous Mr. CROKER to accept of an additional thousand pounds per annum, for—*doing nothing!!!*

If the office of third secretary of state has not been done away, as Mr. Tierney and many others seem to wish, are ministers to be blamed for the continuance of this useless burden? Most assuredly not:—the question was fairly put to the vote in a full assembly of the House of Commons, and carried in favour of the aforesaid third secretary, by a considerable majority.

Ten thousand pounds sterling have been sent as a pre-

sent to his Holiness the Pope, to enable him to pay the expence attendant on the restoration of his share of the works of art, of which the Museum of the Louvre at Paris has been recently stripped. Such a donation, at first sight, may appear little accordant with the system of economy recommended from the throne; but on mature reflection, is it not highly honourable to the liberal principles of the Prince, who makes it? Is it not creditable to the enlightened spirit of the age?

Two thousand five hundred pounds have likewise been sent to Rome, for the erection of a statue to the memory of the late Cardinal York, the last of the issue of the Pretender to the British crown. This is a truly Christian action, bottomed on the divine precept of returning good for evil. As such, it reflects the highest honour on the heart of the Prince, who takes to himself all the credit of the present, though the money must eventually be drawn from the pockets of JOHN BULL!

And here the question naturally suggests itself—how long will the country be able to support such accumulated and overwhelming pressure? how long will it be able to bear the weight of such a galling yoke? to stand under the burden of such heavy taxation? If that system of extravagance and prodigality, which, for so many years, has been the order of the day with ministers, be much longer persisted in, ruin must be the certain and inevitable consequence. To avert this terrible disaster, strict and unremitting economy is indispensable, in the first instance. In the second place, a total change must be effected in our political system. That aptitude and pruriency to interfere with other governments; to espouse the quarrels of foreign powers; to aim at military ascendancy, when our true interests counsel the direct reverse, and our insular position naturally points to the Wooden Walls of Old England, as the legitimate bulwarks of our safety—all these mistaken notions must be utterly discarded. Useless and impolitic wars, in which we have rashly engaged, have proved the efficient cause of the

enormous national debt of this country. Let ministers pursue a different course: instead of maintaining an enormous war-establishment, in times of peace, let them cultivate a spirit of amity. Let us avoid all unnecessary interference in the concerns of other independent governments, and by avoiding war, we shall save at once, a number of valuable lives to the state, and avert the evils of accumulated debt, which eventually must lead to national bankruptcy. Let Peace be our motto—Economy the order of the day.

We know that it is the opinion of many that retrenchment, to whatever extent it may be carried, will never suffice to meet the pressure of existing difficulties. In reply to this objection, we have only to direct the reader's attention to a work in the course of publication, on the plan of the celebrated French publication, known by the name of the *Livre Rouge*, giving an exact detail of all pensions, sinecures, places, compensations, and emoluments in Great Britain! A single glance at this formidable record of corruption will be amply sufficient to account for the success with which ministers have so long carried on the most iniquitous and extravagant projects. In this book we see the national treasure lavished by wholesale, on sycophants and hirelings, and were the several useless sinecures and pensions to be cast up, the aggregate would amount to a sum, which to those who have not perused a correct statement, may well appear incredible. Among other items we find

	£	s.	d.
Arden, Lord, Register of the High Court of Admiralty	33,478	0	0
<i>Idem</i> , Reporter of Court of Appeals - -	5,088	0	0
Bute, Marquis - - - -	7,000	0	0
Camden, Marquis, Teller of the Exchequer	23,093	0	0
Garner George, Apothecary General to the Army	12,158	2	4

It would require a whole volume to detail the numerous instances of waste and prodigality recorded in this publication.

THE TRIFLERS.

TO HENRY WHITE, (1) JUN. ESQ.

Sunt quibus in satyra videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus; sine nervis altera quidquid
Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum
Mille die versus deduci posse.

HORACE.

MY FRIEND—but hold, is that correct?
May I not diff'rently suspect
Of him, who taunts me, *Harry*?
No, no; the appellation's just—
I, therefore, take the hint, and trust
My lines *some meaning* carry.

Lo! where on yonder Scottish ground,
The doughty (2) knight, in thought profound,
Edina's castle etches!
And lo! his sorry-visag'd hack
Sustains upon its boney back,
THE CALEDONIAN SKETCHES.

But, well-a-day! the Northern clan,
Smiling, declin'd 'em to a man,
And vow'd they were too *bulky*;
Then up to London tript the knight,
Whence late he went in moody plight,
Not stupid less than sulky.

But once again he tries his wit,
Defying all (3) *Dubois* has writ,
And ere the spring be ended,

(1) This gentleman is the son of the editor of the Independent Whig.

(2) Sir John C—r.

(3) An Attorney in the Temple, and author of "My Pocket Book," a satirical effusion that drove the poor Knight in to merited obscurity.

Another *quarto* shall be seen,
 All hot-press'd, printed neat and clean,
 With *lots of fat* around the lean,
 Entitled—NAP DEFENDED! (4)

In pity, *John*! for once refrain,
 Nor rouse th' attorney's gall again,
 Resign the author's calling;
 For what can'st thou expect to win
 From this new literary sin,
 After so d—n'd a mauling?

Now *Pope*, and *Addison*, and *Swift*,
 (Except when *Daniel* cribs (5) a lift,)
 Are to the Devil turn'd adrift,

(4) This is a work which, it seems, Sir John has now in the press. Whether the report be correct or not, I cannot pretend to say: it is more than probable he means to address *the gentle reader* once more.

Hoping that all his follies past,
 May be aton'd *by sense* at last.

(5) See *George's "Dunciad,"* (never mind the edition, the robbery appears at the same page of either impression, notwithstanding the "*additions and alterations*," puffed off in the title) pp. 118 and 119, where he has an *epitaph* upon our modern Jefferies, running thus

Here lies (good folks forbear your *scoffing*,)
 A Justice in a leaden *coffin*.
 A saving thought! this very lead
 Was taken from his worship's head.

Now take poor *Swift's* lines upon *Judge Boat*.

Here lies *Judge Boat* within a *coffin*,
 Pray, gentle folks, forbear your *scoffing*;

Sed Satis.

Bravo! *George Daniel*,—so much for the originality of the *Dunciad*: this, however, is only one plagiarism out of a hundred with which the work abounds.

And *Dryden's* quite neglected ;
 Poor *Shakspeare* frowns upon the shelf—
 Old *Sherry* shrinks within himself—
 While *Congreve*, that lascivious elf,
 By *Mardyn* lives protected.

Imported fresh from Gallic land,
 See lean (6) *Drouett*, with flute in hand,
 Before the gaping noodles stand,
 Well vers'd in *flats* and *crotchets*,—
 Himself a *sharp*, up to the seven,
 As keen as any under heaven,
 At touching British pockets !

But where is he, the prince of sound,
 Whose graceful trill and rapid bound,
 From high to low, the soul astound,
 His father's skill exceeding ?
 Rouse, NICHOLSON ! and let us hear
 Those strains that linger on the ear,
 As if an angel chaunted near,
 From earth to heav'n receding !

(6) The new *flute-player*, from Paris. I heard this gentleman's performance on Friday, 15th March, at Covent Garden Theatre, and though a very clever, and perhaps original genius, he is certainly inferior to our own countryman *Nicholson*. I am sorry to hear that Mr. N—— has challenged this *Hero of the Pipe* to a musical *set-to*, as it is elegantly termed. He should recollect that this is not dignified, and gives the world reason to suspect he is fearful of being supplanted by this new importation. Mr. N—— should also remember, that *taste* is by no means stationary, and that though his fame, as a musician, be too firmly established to be shaken by fifty *Messieurs Drouett*, he makes himself conspicuous, at the expence of his judgment, by noticing such a person.

Let hireling *bravos* spread the Frenchman's fame,
 Be *silent wonder* your superior boast.
 Unblushing puffs may raise a blockhead's name,
 But calm applauses honor genius most.

Yes, rouse ! nor let a foreign name
 Eclipse thine own and father's fame ;
 Assert thy matchless skill ;
 And, by one master-stroke, subdue
 The bellowings of a *hiring crew*,
 And reign the victor still !

But see where *Skeffy* trips along,
 Amidst a "light fantastic" throng
 Of supercilious witches ;
 This puppet of the modern school,
 Is nature's most accomplish'd fool,
 A woman dress'd in breeches !

If to the Opera you repair,
 You see the *charming creature* there,
 Arranging all its tresses ;
 To this it tips the *how d'ye do*,
 With that it warbles *bravo* too,
 And every nymph caresses.

But hold ! methinks the modish bard (7)
 Is anxious for the just reward
 Of liberal estimation ;
 Then let him know, he ne'er was made,
 Nor born a bard, though such by trade
 And northern approbation !

His castle-towers and warriors rare,
 His ladies *blithe* and *debonaire*,
 Appear in every poem ;
 Look at the *jingling* of his tale,
 And hence, alone, you cannot fail
 Immediately to know him !

O, *Walter* ! happiest bard on earth,
 Thy genius and superior worth
 Creation must acknowledge ;

(7) W——r S—tt.

Thy talents shall *unmatch'd* remain,
Till sense assume her seat again
In Edinburgh college!

How pleasant 'tis to hear the crowd,
Now whisp'ring, now exclaiming loud:
"That's he—the *Scorr-ish* poet!"
But doubly grateful 'tis to him,
Who, feasting on the selfish whim,
Has wit enough to know it.

Thrice happy S—tt! thy dog and thee
May surely very well agree,
You're so alike each other;
So true about the eyes and nose,
That we may very well suppose
The animal's thy brother.

Where Gresham's towers salute the sky,
And (8) Wilson's fane attracts the eye,
Dulness convokes her creatures:
There *Daniel*, looking monstrous sad,
Mourns o'er his puling "*Dunciad*,"
And shows his spooney features.

Delirious Youth! expos'd at last,
With all his *wretched libels* past,
Whom shall he now be-devil?
Alas! the "*Dunciad's*" damn'd and dead,
No longer purchas'd, puff'd, or read,
And round that monument of lead,
The *Cruscan Poets* revel.

But, *George*, for that droop not, my boy!
Wilson will still thy muse employ,
Thy genius still exhibit;

Nor leave thee, till he sees thee bound
 (Some twenty cubits from the ground)
 In chains upon a gibbet!

Then calm thy fears, thou *whisker'd youth* !
 And still disdain the voice of truth,
 For honour still awaits thee ;
 Already *Ketch*, with rope in hand,
 Amidst his thief-entrapping band,
 With rapture contemplates thee.

Poor *Daniel* ! (9) what a heart of stone
 Is that which you seem proud to own—
 In verse how bold—but, met and known,
 How timid, mean, and quaking !
 Can nothing stir its crimson tide ?
 Fool ! coward ! coxcomb ! dunce beside !
 Can these be heard, and *Daniel's* pride
 Submit to such a shaking ?

If so, thou art a bloodless wight,
 Nor worthy of that *honoured height*,
 Which Jack, thy genius to requite,
 Prepares already for thee ;
 Poor Eu——ch ! whine thy soul away—
 The women hate thee and thy lay,
 And, smiling at thy *weakness* say,
 “ *Faugh ! blockhead ! we abhor thee !* ”

O Reason ! whither art thou flown,
 That thy Britannia's noblest town
 Appears in such a flutter ?
 Why, e'en for thine and learning's sake,
 I'd souse thee, *Lady of the Lake* !
 With *Marmion* in the gutter.

(9) In allusion to several articles, which have appeared in *The Scourge* and elsewhere, touching the author of the *Modern Dunciad*.

And yet she is a comely lass,
Stand clear, and let the goddess pass,
She's none of folly's crew ;
Twelve shillings ! 'tis like carrion cheap ;
Besides, she'll lull your sense to sleep,
Like stupid *Waterloo*.

O Daniel ! thou'rt a matchless sot,
Just fit to reign with W——r S——tt,
Hot-press'd, in gilt and vellum ;
But ah ! unlike thy *crony's* stuff,
Thine, spite of every *timely puff*,
Sells not—and *Wilson* cries, " enough, (10)
" I'M DAMN'D, IF I CAN SELL 'EM!!!"

THE SWAN, AND THE WATER-WAGTAIL.
(AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.)

" *Multa Diræum levat aura cygnum.*"

HOR. LIB. IV. Od. 2.

SWANS, if ancient records may be entitled to credit, were little wont to sing before the approach of their dissolution. Hence the song of the Swan, (*Cygnea cantio*), as the sure prognostic of death, has passed into a proverb ; and no less an authority than Aristotle himself informs us, that "*sub mortem potissimum canunt*," (it is on the eve of death chiefly that they sing.) But the Swan, to which allusion is made in the present instance, was of sweet and delectable song, even in his youthful days, and did charm many with his harmonious numbers. He was given unto roving, and did not confine himself to his native waters, but did urge his rambling course unto foreign

(10) This is a very general expression among booksellers, and as *Broker Wilson* is not more squeamish than his *Companions* in *Letters*, he will not think the assertion at all out of place.

shores, and did wander to distant streams. Howbeit, after many years of peregrination, he returned to the banks, which witnessed his birth, and appeared to delight in the scenes of his infancy.

And this Swan resolved to take unto himself a mate, and to abstain from his wandering courses. And he looked around him, and picked himself out a mate of goodly form, of youthful appearance, and of fair report, and they nestled together, and their loves were crowned with increase. But there arrived from a distant river a certain *water-wagtail*, which did play and frolic in the same stream, where the Swan was wont to swim stately up and down; where he fluttered his wings, and took his pleasure. And the name of the water-wagtail was MOTACILLA, "*quia caudam semper movet, quia mutonem cileat.*" Many were the lures employed by MOTACILLA to attract the eye of the Swan, and to insinuate herself into his good graces. And, forasmuch as she was practiced in wiles, and hacknied in the arts of intrigue, (for "long experience had made her wise,") she succeeded in her designs. She did estrange the heart of the Swan from his loving mate, and did engender strife and animosity between them, and did part them asunder, even though their union had been blest with increase. Wherefore the disconsolate mate betook herself to her kindred, and returned to the place she had been wont to haunt in her infant days.

Then did MOTACILLA exult and triumph beyond all bounds, and did wag her tail exceedingly, and there was no end to her vagaries. She did look around on all sides for conquest, and did greatly pride herself in her incessant motions. For when she showed herself in public, she stood still not a moment, but did hop and jump about the banks, and did gaily frisk it on the edge of the stream. She delighted to display her beck, and made parade of her neck, for she glories in attracting notice, and commanding admiration. Now, when the Swan perceived that MOTACILLA gallanted with other birds;

that she threw out lures to many ; that she sought to multiply her conquests, and was greedy of general homage, he took umbrage thereat, and his fondness for MOTACILLA was alienated. Howbeit, he returned not to the mate he had abandoned, but resolved to resume his former course of life, and to recommence his wanderings. " For," said he, " have I not been wont to circumnavigate many waters, and to visit even the most distant streams ? Have I not urged my adventurous flight to Ionian shores, and laved myself in the fountain of the * *Dircean Swan* ? Like my illustrious predecessor, have I not soared on daring wing, and towered above the clouds ? Have I not forced my path through the liquid fields of air, and essayed my pinions in the azure sky ? Wherefore, where I have already been, thither will I go again ; the scenes, in which I formerly delighted, will I revisit, and what I have already done, will I repeat."

And the Swan did so, and again appeared on the Ionian shores.

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CHRONICLE OF THE PARISIAN THEATRES.

THE new comic opera, performed on the 5th of April at the Theatre *Feydeau*, entitled the *Incognito*, holds out but very little promise of proving a successful speculation. The music by no means compensates for the

* Pindar, the celebrated lyric poet of Thebes. He is termed the *Dircean swan*, by Horace, from the circumstance of *Dirce*, wife to *Lycus* King of Thebes, having been tied to the tail of a wild bull, by Amphion and Zethus, in revenge for the wrongs offered to their mother *Antiope*, and in this manner dragged about, till at length the Gods, in pity to her sufferings, transformed her into a fountain, bearing her own name, not far from the city of Thebes.

lameness of the dialogue, which has neither gaiety nor interest to recommend it.

The *Double Rencontre*, represented the same night, at the *Vaudeville*, was not more fortunate than the *Incognito* at *Freydeau*: the evening seemed fatal to the Parisian dramatists.

All the hopes, which were created by the new management at the theatre *De L'Odeon*, have been utterly, and most woefully defeated.

We cannot yet learn the name of the new *Theseus*, who, guided by a *clue of silk*, given him by the late Mademoiselle RAUCOURT, has discovered the will of PRINCE HENIN. This whimsical trial forms the general topic of conversation in Paris; but justice, it is presumed, will not be tardy in deciding, whether the plaintiff shall have the *shells* or the *oyster*.

It was a fortnight ago, last Wednesday, since *Gabrielle de Vergy* met with a tremendous fall. In the midst of a very energetic scene, as she was performing with the ferocious and gloomy *Fayel*, she missed the spot where her chair of state was placed, and sat down plump on the boards. *Fayel*, perceiving this mistake, no longer spent his breath in reproaches, but very gallantly *concealing* his resentment offered his hand, to raise up the unfortunate *Gabrielle*. The latter, however, not only declined his courtesy, but continued to overwhelm him with a torrent of abuse, as soon as she was on her feet. Our correspondent adds, that the lady was terribly bruised by her fall.

Iphigenia in Taurus was lately performed at Rouen; to which was added a scene, which was never yet performed in London or Paris. The actor, who sustained the part of *Pylades*, not having received from Nature that dark hair, with which every Greek and Roman hero is adorned on the stage, thought himself obliged to borrow this scenic attraction from art, and accordingly made use of the blacking, with which he was wont to lacker his boots; as he touched the visage of *Talma*, in that famous

scene of generous debate, the awkward friend covered the cheeks of this celebrated performer with the most sooty hue. Never did any theatrical hero *change countenance* more suddenly, nor in a more striking manner. Nevertheless, this incomparable performer, though he wished his friend *Pylades* at the devil, went through his part with all the pathos and gravity it required; but he made a vow the following morning, that he would never play with any actor, who made use of blacking, unless he was performing the character of *Othello*.

It is generally reported in Paris, that Vestris the elder is about to retire from public life, and enjoy the repose of which his advanced years stand so much in need. He is preparing a splendid spectacle for his last benefit, which is to be terminated by an elegant pantomime.

The Theatre *De L'Ambigu Comique* has just brought out a new melo-drama from a romance, written by M. Ducray Dumenil, entitled *The Blind Man of St. Catherine's Fountain*. Mr. Ducray Dumenil is a very interesting and charming writer, if he were not quite so time-serving. The managers of the *L'Ambigu Comique* reckon much on the success of this piece, especially as they declare it is not by the author of *Madame de Valnoir*; but why advance this allegation, in support of the new piece? The amusing novel, entitled *Madame de Valnoir*, does infinitely more credit to the pen of Ducray Dumenil, than *The Blind Man of St. Catherine's*.

Madame Catalani is expected to quit the Parisian Theatre, for a short time; but in order that it should not suffer by her absence, she has engaged two famous female Italian singers and a fine *tenor*, who are to make their *debuts* in the beginning of May, in the Operas of *Clemence de Titus*, by Mozart, and *Le Mariage Secret*, by Cimarosa, *The Nina* of Pasiello, and two other new Operas.

Almost every Theatre in Paris seems now taken up with presenting the public with something analogous to the marriage of the Duke de Berri. May they prove as fortunate as the dramatists of the month of March; for

out of seventeen pieces then performed, in the different theatres, there were but two that were condemned.

The managers of the *Comedie Française* are resolved that *Alexander* and *Apelles* shall not appear till after Easter; the closing of the theatrical year took place during the Easter recess; but the theatres were only to remain shut up for a week, including Palm Sunday. The minor theatres were expected to be closed only for three days, commencing with the Thursday previous to Good Friday.

The *Opera Comique*, to make itself amends for the heavy fall of the *Incognito*, is bringing forward, with all speed, a piece in three acts, entitled *L'Une pour L'Autre*, supposed to be written by the author of *Joconde*.

The Theatre *Odeon* is much troubled to bring or rather to *drag* together any thing like an audience. In the mean time, the active exertions of Picard, the manager, have been productive of some fortunate results; and he reckons much on the commencement of May, from the success of a work entitled, *Les Diables de la Rue D'Enfer*. This local subject will no doubt excite much interest in that part of Paris, which is situated between the Place St. Michel, and the Observatory.

The heretofore sprightly *Vaudeville* Theatre fell into a gentle slumber last month, from which it was only roused by the noise of the hissings, excited by *Les Deux Recontres*, played a few nights since. We are assured that this last lesson given to the public, was by an obstinate old man, who is resolved to remain a zealous combatant in that *arena*, where youth and vigour alone have any chance of obtaining success. Another report assures us, that this lively boy of eighty is resolved no longer to render himself ridiculous on those boards, where he has long been so respectable an actor, and where he has so often received not more enthusiastic than merited applause.

Numerous were the *debuts*, which took place at the *Variétés* during last March. One man, of the name of St.

Felix, was not diffident in placing himself as the emulator of Brunet, and Potier. Such an act of temerity might have proved fatal: but he had the art of captivating the audience, by his address and sprightliness; and he received that applause which really seemed due to him. By some apt expressions uttered with manliness, tempered by modesty, he disarmed the critics of the pit, who easily pardoned his presumption.

Mademoiselle Adeline is a little sempstress, who with a pretty face, has ventured on the stage, and this is all the talent she possesses. When she shall have learnt how to speak and walk, it will be time enough to criticise her style of acting.

A long and dangerous illness has deprived the public for some time of that charming actress, Mademoiselle Aldegonde, whose original, playful, and truly comic talents have so long rendered her the delight of a Parisian audience. She will make her re-appearance in a few evenings, in the new piece of *Hamlet Travesti*, (translated, or rather turned into burlesque, from the English.

Fortunatus, played for the first time, on April 5th, at the *Theatre des Varietes*, has obtained complete success. This little moral subject is treated with much spirit, but it is deficient in mirth. It is very splendidly got up, and the dresses are beautiful: the following outline of this piece may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Few are unacquainted with the story of *Fortunatus*, who in the above piece, meets accidentally with a pretty little damsel named *Clairette*, the daughter of a wood-cutter. *Fortunatus* is thrown from his horse, and the damsel flies to his assistance. Wishing to show his gratitude, he puts a ring on her finger, and promises her marriage: but he has himself his fortune to seek, having run away from his parents. This being, however, a "*dignus vindice nodus*," the Goddess *Fortune*, who presided at his birth, and who is a far better god-mother than is to be met with, in one in a thousand, steps forward to his relief. She accordingly makes an offer to endow her

god-son with either beauty, strength, wisdom, or riches. The youth chooses the latter, but, like Robinson Crusoe, he finds his money but of little use in a wide forest, and he is glad to satisfy the cravings of hunger, at the frugal board of the honest wood-cutter.

When launched into the world's gay scenes, he soon forgets *Clairette*, and his former vows. Inconstant in the extreme, he resolves on marrying the Princess *Clorinda*, sister to the Marquis *Della lunga Spada*. Here the author has recourse to numerous changes of scenery, pageantry, and decorations, which militate against common sense. When *Fortunatus* arrives at the Castle of the Marquis, he is looked upon as a sharper, arrested as such, and conducted to prison; to crown his misfortunes, his magical purse is taken from him.—*Clairette*, in the disguise of a page, hastens to his deliverance; he feels all his love return for the first object of his vows, and the goddess *Fortune* comes forward to dispense her gifts in an ample manner on the youthful couple.

Subjects of magic, and of fairy co-operation have invariably been successful at this theatre: the prodigious success of the *Rose Coloured Demon*, the *Wonderful Cat*, the *Ogress*, &c. is not yet forgotten. It is true, in the piece of *Fortunatus*, the charming airs that were introduced, were the chief cause of its triumph. Neither is it altogether by the merit of the pieces performed at this theatre, that it boasts so frequently a crowded audience. That of the actors holds a decided pre-eminency, amongst whom are Potier and Brunet, both alike perfect in their different style of performing. It is no effort to them, to impart both originality and novelty to every character, however insignificant in itself, which they undertake, and to which they lend the aid of their superior talents, *con amore*.

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER I.

*Lady L**** to Lady C****.*

My dear friend,

Verily am I in such a fright, that I scarcely know how to hold my pen! Only think of that vile *carpenter*, that renegado villain, who betrayed us for the sake of * filthy lucre! How sharp this will cause the patriots, as they affect to call themselves, to look about them! They who are so anxious about *home manufactures*, and such like stupid stuff! Can you, my dear, wear filthy English lace, or paltry English silk? Impossible. I am sure I never can, nor ever will. But would you believe it? To crown and aggravate my misfortunes, my JENKY, as some people, (they ought to be severely punished for their impudence) still most provokingly call him, is as cross about this business as the devil himself. You know he is not the best temper in the world: and yet, would you believe it? he is now grumbling from morning to night about what it will cost him, not only to silence our wicked betrayers, but also to stop the mouths of those mischievous fellows, who are *striking at the root*, as they pretend, of every abuse, and who are headed by those *Marplots*, B—m, T—y, and that namby-pamby M—th—n, who comes out, without seeming to mean any harm, with a knock-down blow of what his party think *wit*, that exposes us all, and even causes a smile on the face of our friends.

Adieu, my dear friend, I am so thoroughly overwhelmed with grief, not only at our heavy loss, but also at being discovered, that I can write no more. Pity, I beseech you, for I know you most *sensibly* feel for, your afflicted friend,

L*****.

* How easily does her ladyship see the *mote* in her brother's eye, without once reflecting on the *beam* in her own! As the French proverb justly says, "*Le pele se moque du fourgon.*"

LETTER II.

*Lady C****, in answer to the preceding.*

My dear Countess.

Feel for you? Indeed, indeed I do, my poor sister in affliction! dear fellow sufferer! Can I avoid feeling pity for a soul so congenial with my own? since it's well known, that long before the peace took place, nay, ever since my indulgent Lord suffered me to be my own mistress, in every particular, I never wore a * *morsel* of any lace that was not French. And you well know that every muslin gown I have (and they are many) are most profusely trimmed with the finest Brussels and Mechlin laces. As to *home manufactures*, I never could endure them. Pray what are the distresses of the Spitalfields weavers to us, with their dirty, ugly wives and squalling children? Why do they beget such a tribe of beggars? I never burthened the state with any of *my* children; Heaven knows, my good Lord's powers lie quite a contrary way.

Never mind your husband's ill humor, my dear; you may depend upon it, if our lords cannot stop the wicked tongues of our enemies, they will, no doubt, lay all the blame on us, and say that we ordered these *smuggled* goods, (as the low wretches are pleased to call them) without their knowledge out of our pin money, and while they behave well, we will stick to that too. But the moment they begin to show their airs, it's all over with them; we will even "let the cat out of the bag," and tell all we know; so let them part with their money, to save their own credit, with a good grace, at their peril.

* According to strict rule this word should only be applied to a piece, that can be seized with the teeth: but being derived from the French word *mordre*, to *bite*, we suppose smuggling and French *bites* ran so much in her ladyship's head, that she incorrectly applied it to lace.

I went into a shop in ————street, yesterday, where I was not known: I found it was quite a gossip shop, and one fellow I really thought was preaching a sermon; for on another asking him, whether he knew who was concerned in *the smuggling in high life?* (at which my ears were as erect as my terrier's) the preacher bolts out our two names, *sans ceremonie*. How is it these plebeians come by their knowledge of all our transactions? But with a face as grave as a pope's, he added, "And these are the people, to whom we are to look up for the enforcement of our laws, and by whose conduct we are to regulate our own actions!" Whether it was the truth of what he uttered, that sunk on my mind, or whether it was a kind of panic terror that seized me, I know not, but I felt so sick at heart, that I hastened to my carriage, which stood a few doors off, as fast as possible; but whether I got to it *on my head*, or *on my feet*, I really cannot tell.

Yet one word of comfort, my dear friend, before I close my letter: I think the business seems dying away. My Sextonius is in good spirits. Poor dear soul! he seems willing to put up with any thing; and his little *Pug*, after whom you so kindly enquired, I was told last night, is as faithful and submissive as ever to him. Recollect our *caro sposos* are, at present, in full power, and you know, as well as I, that

Gold from law can take out the sting.

My waiting woman has just informed me, that my fine French dress of black lace has two large holes in it. I now may with justice crave *your* pity in return,

Your afflicted friend,

C*****.

BAZAARS.

SIR,

LET me not be accused of vanity if, before I proceed to treat on the subject of the new establishments, known under the above denomination, I first premise a few

words respecting myself, and inform you, as briefly as circumstances will permit, who, and what I am. Now, in order to do this methodically, and to avoid as much as possible all mistakes, it is necessary that I should commence with my dear and honoured mother. This good lady—God rest her soul! was at the time of my birth a famous opera-dancer. Of my father, or rather of my fathers (in the plural) I can say but little specifically and with certainty, except that, thanks to their joint efforts and co-operation, I consider myself a kind of compound offspring of a number of wealthy individuals, belonging to every nation in Europe. England, however, was the land in which my eyes first beheld the light; and I verily believe, nay I feel assured, that it was an Englishman likewise who had the principal share in my fabrication. This persuasion I ground, among other collateral reasons, upon the regard I feel for the true interests of Old England, and the ardent desire I have that she should duly appreciate and understand them.

My mother, thanks to the good use she made of her charms, and the generosity of her lovers, had accumulated sufficient property to bestow on me a finished education. She was moreover so kind and indulgent a parent, that she would frequently declare, that I should not be compelled to follow any kind of avocation, but what I should choose, as she had ample means to support me as a gentleman. On her much-regretted death, I found myself master of a fortune far beyond my most sanguine expectations, and my highest ambition was to avail myself of it in support of Britain's privileges, and that of her glorious constitution, of which I was an enthusiastic admirer, and the principles of which I unceasingly studied; though I but too often found them infringed upon, set at nought, and violated. Nevertheless, on comparing the history of modern England with that of other nations, I could not but acknowledge that there was no government in itself so happy, nor any land where the conscience of the people was so unfettered.

Now, although this extreme partiality on my part, to-

gether with my appetite for roast beef, and wholesome English fare, convinced me more and more that my father must have been a Briton, yet my dear poor mother, with tears in her eyes, as the eventful moment drew near, which summoned her to make her final exit off this sublunary stage, frankly confessed to me that it was utterly impossible for her to tell what native of Europe had the honor to call me son. She named over to me all the wealthy nobles with whom she had been on terms of intimacy, in every civilized nation; but all her efforts were in vain, and she was at length reduced to own that so many had been her promiscuous amours with individuals, whose names she knew not, that she could not take upon herself to say, whether I belonged to them or the others. They were all, however, in a situation of life to pay her handsomely, for to none other had she the weakness to yield. Soon after this declaration, my honoured parent, Signora CAPEROLITINETTA, breathed her last sigh. I evinced my filial duty by causing her funeral obsequies to be celebrated with great pomp, and as soon as I had sufficiently recovered from the shock occasioned by her death, had recourse to every little art I could invent in order to work myself into notice among the English nobility. But they all played shy, and seemed afraid, whenever I drew near them, as soon as they had discovered whose child I was, that I was only paying my court to them, with the view of watching an opportunity to hail them by the tender name of father, in the presence of their wives. Finding myself thus slighted and repulsed on all sides, I determined to travel, and make the experiment whether filial instinct would lead me to any one willing to own the tie of paternity. Alas,

“The child, whom many fathers share,
Has seldom known a father’s care.”

Thus, though I smoked out of an ivory-bowled pipe, adorned with gold tassels, with the German princes, surfeited on their sour krout and sausages, and at the very time that my heart heaved against them, pronounced

them to be delicious, I found these princes too much immersed in pride, beggary, and feudal sway, to be willing even to allow that my father was a *German*, unless I could have brought clear and undoubted proof of my *nobility*. I drank with the Dane, and swore with the Swede, but with equal ill success. Nor was I more fortunate among the Italians, with whom I swallowed macaroni and drank lemonade, till I became as thin as a rat. Again, I reduced myself almost to a skeleton, by feeding on sallad and soup maigre with the French.

Unfortunately my visit to France took place much about the commencement of the ever-memorable revolution—at a period when sons denounced their fathers, and fathers their sons—in short, at that tremendous crisis when Frenchmen, as by common accord, were boiling their parent country, as Medea did the good old *Æson*, in the great national cauldron of political regeneration—willing no doubt to see how pure and spotless it would come forth from the fiery ordeal in all the charms of renovated beauty. In the midst of such a terrible convulsion, where all the social affections were lost and engulfed in sordid interest and intrigue, with what consistency could I hope to find parental tenderness warming any bosom in my favour? The rich *emigres* had all fled, and to the *nouveaux parvenus* I was certain I could not belong, inasmuch as they, at the time my mother made a traffic of her charms, were not sufficiently favoured by fortune to purchase one moment's interview with even her waiting maid. As soon therefore as I could decamp from France, without exposing myself to suspicion, I got on board an American vessel bound to the East Indies. On my arrival I associated myself with the English nabobs, as I was persuaded that neither the Rajahs nor the Rajah Pouts had any share in giving me existence. But though they condescended at first to take notice of me, I observed they all grew cool the moment I had the indiscretion to mention the name of my mother. This, I was well aware, proceeded as little from pride as it did from any particular veneration for chastity, it

being notorious that many a one among them was the rich and fortunate bastard of some great man belonging to the parent country, and by him begotten either on an oyster-wench, a match girl, a cook, or kitchen maid. No, they severally began to tremble, lest I should be provided with some document, which might perhaps prove my near affinity themselves, and therefore thought proper to *cut* me at once. Yet, while I was in this earthly Pandemonium, I met with abundance of acquaintance about my own age, who had not yet arrived to the rank of lieutenant governors of any of the Indian settlements, nor as yet amassed that fortune they were in search of. In treating these, I so effectually diminished my own, that the young gentlemen soon gave me reason to perceive that they understood the *art of cutting* as well as their betters. Accordingly it was not long before I was left solitary and forlorn, with a taste for expence, luxury and high living, which my funds were by no means in a state to support. I wandered, like a pensive and disconsolate isolated being, about the Bazaar all the morning. If at times a smile relaxed the severity of my features, that smile was only extorted by some strange and to me novel incident. Thus, for instance, I have laughed involuntarily on beholding two Indians threatening each other with clenched teeth and fists, and then separating each different ways, as coolly as if nothing had happened. Or, at seeing a Moslem and a Persian haggling about the price of a mule, or a bale of stuffs.

Disgusted with every thing around me, I soon left India, and visited the Turkish dominions, inwardly assured, that though I did not go to the Ottoman empire, in the hopes of finding a father who would own me, I should yet meet perhaps with more kindness amongst Turks than I had experienced amongst Christians. But in this sanguine expectation I was perfectly deceived. I was low in cash, and a Turk is as sensible to the charms of gold as any Christian. I had still however reserved sufficient to support myself with frugality, and also t

pay my voyage back to England. Having often amused myself with perusing the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, I took pleasure in strolling frequently into the Turkish *Bazaar*; though I knew very well I should see no beautiful ladies, descending at the shop doors of the love-sick merchants from their camels. Instead of a delectable sight of this nature, I found numbers of Turks sitting, lying, standing, chewing opium, or smoking; but not one female. Sometimes there were sales at the Bazaar of asses and mules. How little did I then imagine that the English would adopt, and misname, what they so little understand? For sometimes slaves of the utmost beauty of countenance and symmetry of form were bartered for at the Bazaar. In horror and disgust at seeing my fellow-creatures disposed of in this manner, like cattle, to the highest bidder, I resolved to quit the lovely and picturesque shores, where "the Turk had spoiled the land," and to revisit the place of my nativity, dear Old England. I had a small stock in the English funds, which I had reserved, as the good women say, "*against a rainy day*." In addition to this I was proprietor of a pretty landed estate, which my mother had purchased for me during my minority, and to which I resolved to retire, and no longer obtrude this form of mine, this "little compound of all the nobility" on public notice.

I found, however, on casting up my accounts, previous to visiting the great mart of England, that I had sufficient left to carry me through Ireland and Scotland. In the last mentioned country the proud nobility hated me for my mongrel descent, and I was constrained to live amongst the lowest of the middling class, where oatmeal and haggis soon made me sick. The hospitable Irish, on the other hand, literally received me with open arms, and regaled me most sumptuously, not forgetting withal to make me drunk every day. An old staunch anti-unionist, who had honoured me with peculiar attention, told me as a great secret the day I was coming away, that he had a strong idea that I was the son of an Irish noble-

man, who, for political reasons, was very much disliked and obliged to be a total exile from his native country. I observed in reply, that I could not possibly agree in his opinion, as it was a notorious fact that the nobleman alluded to never had begotten a child in his life. "Like enough," said the old Hibernian, "I know he was once the cause of making many a mother childless, and from that period he obtained the nick-name of the GR**E-D*GG*R." Here we were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the master of the packet, who informed me that I had not a moment to spare, that the wind was fair, and therefore, unless I chose to lose my money and my passage, I must hasten on board as fast as possible.

After an absence of several years I arrived in London, a few weeks subsequent to the establishment of the Bazaars. Ah! thought I, my dear country is again rendering herself ridiculous! Has she not foreign innovations enough already, without borrowing terms from Turkey and Persia, in order to designate what she does not understand? Has she not useful establishments enough for trade and commerce? However, I buttoned on my great coat—I am sure I wanted shaving, not having as yet dressed myself for the day, but I fancied myself quite well enough to go to a *market-place*, for that is the literal meaning of the word. But how was I astonished on beholding crowds of elegant and fashionable females, drawn forth in their best bonnets and pelisses, as if they were at an exhibition! Certainly, this was a far more pleasing spectacle than to behold a lot of Turks chewing opium, or Mogols, Moslems, and Indians haggling and making faces at each other about the price of corn or barley. To speak the truth, my eyes were positively enchanted to view multitudes of pretty young females selling rouge, false hair, trinkets, perfumery, millinery, &c. Had it been night, and the place well lighted up, I should have fancied myself in the *Palais Royal* in Paris: but as it was, I found the scene around me to bear a much greater resemblance to an English fair than to a Bazaar!

We are apt to smile at first at the ridiculous inventions, to which schemers and projectors have recourse, with the view of extracting money out of the purses of the multitude. But all these innovations, which are calculated only to draw the idle and expensive together, may be attended with serious injury to the established and industrious shopkeeper, whose goods of sterling quality lie till they are faded, or otherwise damaged, on his shelves, the natural and inevitable consequence of which is, that he is eventually obliged to sell them, for less than he gave for them: while the frippery, and paltry goods of these mis-named Bazaars, are sold at an exorbitant price, (considering their quality) to the ready and easily gulled buyer. Hence will result a train of bankruptcies, (already too numerous,) and ruin to the fair trader, who refuses to have any thing to do with Turkish or Eastern fashions; which, by the bye, are far from being adhered to, in these morning lounges. It may be said in their defence, that they employ a number of young females;—Granted; but there are other ways of employing them, without exposing their persons continually to the public gaze. And if females only are to be employed, how inappropriate is the term Bazaar! from which, in the Turkish, Persian, and Arabian dominions, females are utterly excluded. And will not this exposure of our youthful females impart to them a degree of that boldness, by which the daughters of Britain have never yet been disgraced? Will it not tend to render these fashionable marts, in more respects than one, similar to that sink of profligacy and intrigue,—the *Palais Royal*?

SPECTATOR INCOGNITUS; OR FILIUS VARIORUM.

Adelphi Terrace, 6th April, 1816.

THE
LION'S CUB, THE PUG-DOG, AND THE MASTIFFS.

A FABLE.

ONCE on a time a Lion, sick and old,
Devolv'd upon his son the sovereign power;
The CUB was handsome, and the CUB was bold,
Though not so blooming as a spring-tide flower.
In short, the hey-day of his blood was drain'd,
This pleas'd the Mastiffs, over whom he reign'd;
All hop'd the CUB would well himself behave,
So joyfully his vote each Mastiff gave.

CUB, in his youth, had been a libertine,
And each fair Lioness by turns would court;
Made choice of company not over-fine,
For it was said: ——— *with asses he would sport!*
Of this the Mastiffs still were tame beholders;
"Old heads, they knew, but ill become young shoulders;"
So from each bone they pick'd the choicest meat,
And laid the tribute at young Lion's feet.

CUB swell'd with pride—for lo! from climes afar,
Two foreign Lions, said to be CUB's friends,
Who in the East had seen CUB's radiant star,
Came—to do what?—to serve their private ends!
CUB summoned all with whom he loves to sport,
And apes, and curs, and asses throng'd the court.
The foreign Lions smil'd—for beasts can smile—
And found these manners far from royal style;
So homeward trudg'd, not like to come again,
And left young Lion to his giddy reign.

CUB's appetite was strong, his maw would crave;
The more you cram it, 'twill increase the more;
He wish'd each Mastiff to become his slave,
To give each day more than the day before.

Yet though each day more greedy of the pelf,
 CUB blush'd, forsooth, to beg so oft himself;
 So look'd, and soon found out a meddling tool,
 With which he hop'd each Mastiff to befool.

A dirty PUG, who long had crept about,
 And fawn'd on CUB till he attain'd his ends,
 Seem'd for this purpose form'd, and fitted out,
 So CUB and PUG became the best of friends.
 Of Dutch extraction, PUG lov'd dearly *gelt*,*
 For if, by chance, a guinea dropt, he felt,
 And felt, and watch'd, till he could find a hole,
 In which to hide the guinea which he stole!

To pay his court unto the Prince of Beasts,
 PUG now resolved to pick the bones quite bare;
 Each Mastiff, to support the royal feasts,
 Should give his *grub*, and PUG receive his share.
 See now each Mastiff lean and lank appear,
 Rough each fine coat, and drooping ev'ry ear!
 No longer suffer'd to consume his own,
 Each famish'd dog appear'd mere skin, and bone!

PUG with a tale, most plausible, and fine,
 Would fain enforce this sacrifice by law;
 But the starv'd Mastiffs sorely did repine,
 At having scarcely left—a *bone to gnaw*!
 So with a growl the pack at once set loose,
 And bark'd, and yelp'd at such a vile abuse;
 Nor Cubs, nor Jackalls longer would they feed:
 Such was the cry, in which they all agreed.

CUB, at the news, fell sick with sheer vexation,
 And much regretted loss of scraps so sweet;
 So set on PUG to *modify* taxation,
 And try to get him—*half his share of meat*!

* The Dutch term for money. It is well known that a pug dog will play with pieces of money, by the hour together.

PUG yelp'd and grac'd his muzzle with a smile,
And had recourse to fawning, and to guile;
While CUB propos'd to urge, with tooth and claw,
His sov'reign will, which long had been his law.

Still bolder grew the Mastiffs—'mongst the rest
A surly, growling snarler, hight *Sir Sam*,
Said: "think not, PUG, we thus will be opprest,
"Or gull'd by promises, which are but *sham*!"
"Dogs many in this goodly town abound,
"From the grim mastiff to the yelping hound;
"And, trust me, every dog shall pick his bone,
"And every dog, in future, claim his own!"

"Let votes," said PUG, "then settle the dispute:"—

Preparing thus a rod for his own back,
For, when he came his numbers to compute,
He *thirty-seven* votes was found to lack!!!
Poor sneaking PUG, in hopes to keep his place,
Bow'd, cring'd, and pocketed the sad disgrace:
While CUB declar'd himself a perfect stranger
To measures, which his very health endanger.

PEREGRINE.

PIOUS INCONSISTENCY.

*To the Right Reverend Father-in-God, the Bishop of
London.*

My Lord,

I AM one of the scene-shifters employed at Covent-Garden Theatre. My family consists of a wife, sickly, and infirm, and three children, who look up to me as their sole support. Now it is well known, my Lord, that all persons engaged in the service of the theatres receive pay only for every night of actual performance. Consequently, during the whole of Lent, I am cut off of

one third of my salary, it being deemed profane to act plays on Wednesdays and Fridays, which nights are devoted to what certain persons are pleased to term *Sacred Music*, or *Oratorios*; although, by the bye, much profane and amorous singing, such as Italian canzonettes, bravuras, &c. are introduced into the same. But if I have cause to complain at the shutting-up of the theatres, two nights in the week, by which I lose *one third* of my pay, for nearly two months, it is still worse with me in the Passion-week. During this tremendous week, I lose the *whole*! If fasting be a proof of piety, or a step in advance towards godliness, I may with safety affirm, that few persons in the kingdom, not excepting your lordship with the whole right reverend bench of bishops, observe Lent with more religious abstemiousness than myself. To me it is truly a period of sackcloth and of ashes; the season of penitence, of mortification, and of self-denial.

Yet, much as I suffer in my own person, as well as my family, from the strict and godly observance of Lent, I should not, my lord, be tempted to complain of the suspension of theatrical representations, if I saw any adequate cause or motive for this pious abstinence. If it proceed from religious scruples, why are not those scruples more consistently acted upon? For certainly to a plain, simple, illiterate man like myself, it must appear not a little extraordinary, that the very moment when religious scruples occasion the regular theatres to be shut, should prove the signal for opening other places of public amusement, of far less moral tendency.

Thus the very first night that *Oratorios* superseded the wonted dramatic performances at Drury-lane and Covent-garden theatres—Mr. Bologna started with his slight of hand tricks, his card-deceptions, and his *Phantasmagoria*, at the *Dominion of Fancy*, in the Strand. The same night Gyngell, of Bartholomew-fair celebrity, commenced his operations at the Minor theatre, in Catharine-street, and the *Sans-Pareil* opened with similar exhibitions. Can this, my lord, be termed consistent? If religion and

morality call upon us to abstain twice a week, during Lent, from theatrical representations, ought not the same call to extend to senseless exhibitions and buffooneries? Which of the two has the most licentious tendency—the representation of a drama, or the *deeds of darkness* acted during the spectacle of a *phantasmagoria*? Yet all this escapes the blind zeal of certain spiritual guides, who may be truly said to “strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel!”

Again, the Passion-week, which to us poor scene-shifters is a season of infinite woe and tribulation, proves to these intruders on the drama a golden harvest. Whilst I, with my sick wife and three poor children, can scarcely obtain a crust of bread, Signor Maggioretti, Signor Morelli, and Messrs. Gyngells are revelling in luxury, and fattening on the godly zeal, which consumeth me. Why, my lord, should it be deemed more sinful to enact plays in one part of the kingdom than the other? Why should that be prohibited in the south, which is tolerated to the north of the Tweed? The members of the *Kirk*, with all their sanctity, are so little scandalized by theatrical representations, that managers find it their interest to pay Kean a hundred pounds a night in Scotland, whilst in London the theatres are not suffered to be opened. Wherefore this distinction? Why should the same act be considered wrong in one place, and right in another?

This, my lord, is a question which frequently not a little staggers me. Involuntary fasting is no very pleasant thing. This I know but too well from long and woeful experience. Yet such is the fate to which I am annually doomed, in consequence of the absurd prejudice which lays an interdict on rational amusement, at the same time that it grants unbridled license to folly and buffoonery.

With all the veneration and respect, due from a humble scene-shifter to a person of your lordship's exalted rank and merit, I have the honour to be,

My lord bishop, &c.

Blind Alley, 13th April, 1816:

J— B—*****

PLAYFUL PHILOSOPHER.—No. VI.

PRIVILEGE OF TRAVELLERS.

I RECOLLECT being in a large company some time back, when a gentleman, who prided himself greatly on having travelled to many foreign countries, engrossed the conversation for upwards of an hour, with recounting the wonders he had seen abroad. Never once suspecting that any of his auditory had ever left England, much less traversed the grand Atlantic Ocean, he launched out prodigiously into the marvellous. He was, however, listened to with uninterrupted attention, till unluckily he chanced to name, among other natural curiosities of the island of Jamaica, the cabbage-tree. No sooner had he introduced this subject, than an elderly gentleman, anxious to obtain further information relative to this curious production, (particularly from so wise a person) addressed the following enquiry to our traveller: "And pray, sir, to what height do these trees generally grow?" "Hum!" replied the other, turning himself on his chair, and stroking his chin, as if deeply meditating on the exact dimensions of the tree—then resuming the discourse:—"Why, sir, you will generally find them from "one thousand to fifteen hundred feet, in height, and of "proportionate circumference." Hereupon, looking around the room with an air of conscious superiority, he folded his arms, and threw himself back into his chair, when a young lady, who had lately returned from Jamaica, ventured to ask the learned traveller, "how long it might be since he had left the island?"—"About three years ago, Madam"—was the reply—"I thought you could not have been there very lately, Sir"—retorted the fair enquirer—"from the account you gave us of the size of the cabbage-tree, at the time of your residence in the island. *Then* indeed they might not have exceeded one thousand, or fifteen hundred feet in height—but I who have left Jamaica only a few months ago, can assure you, that most of the cabbage-trees at the present moment

are upwards of a mile in height, and a quarter of a mile in circumference. Consequently, were you to behold them now, they would strike you with as much wonder, as your narrative has excited in the present company."

RIDICULOUS CUSTOMS.

Nothing appears to me more sovereignly ridiculous than the host of unmeaning compliments, which are mutually exchanged between persons, that have the most inveterate contempt, and even hatred, for each other. How strange does it not seem to an Englishman, who visits the continent for the first time, to see two male acquaintance rush into each other's arms and embrace, like lovers! Yet to the inhabitants of the country, such custom has nothing extraordinary or unbecoming. Were we to behold a person, with the design of assuring his friend of his respect, pull off his shoes in the street, we should doubtless view the action with astonishment. Yet, if we maturely weigh the matter, is it not equally as ridiculous, to see a man pull off his hat before his fellow-being, and stand bare-headed and uncovered for half an hour together, during a heavy fall of snow, or a pelting shower of rain? Is it consistent with reason, that a man should expose himself to catch cold, risk a sore throat, and perhaps still greater evils, in order to prove his respect and veneration for another? The Turks, with various other nations, whom we affect to consider as barbarians, are at least strangers to such barbarous ceremonies and fashions. The use of hats, as a covering for the head, was first introduced, as historians inform us, under the reign of Charles VI. king of France. Methinks, it would be a curious and not uninteresting research for the antiquarian, to trace the different ceremonies and forms of politeness, to which this invention has given birth; as likewise to investigate the various shapes, into which this part of our dress has successively been moulded, and the different callings, rank, and situations in life, of which it has been made the symbol, from the fierce cock of the French military,

to the broad brim of Obadiah, the Quaker. When Charles V. Emperor of Germany, and King of Spain, reviewed his army, in 1547, he wore a small hat, covered with red satin. A sudden shower of rain happening to fall, the emperor deliberately took off his hat, which he handed to one of his attendants, and continued the review of his troops uncovered, for fear of damaging his hat. Assuredly there is more good sense in taking off the hat, to avoid spoiling it, than in exposing one's self bare-headed to the wet, from mere fashion and politeness!

SUSANNAH IN THE BATH.

During my residence in Pennsylvania, a droll occurrence took place in the house of an honest Quaker of that city, a widower, named Obadiah Fry. It was a fine clear summer's day. Susannah and Ruth, hand-maidens unto Obadiah, took a fancy to recreate themselves, by bathing in a large leaden cistern in the kitchen. It was agreed that they should take this diversion by turns, one to mount guard at the door of the kitchen, to prevent surprize, whilst the other was frolicking in the water. Ruth stept first into the cistern, and having sufficiently refreshed herself, resigned the bath to Susannah. Scarcely had the latter disencumbered herself of her clothes, when footsteps were heard approaching directly towards the kitchen. Ruth gave the alarm, the clothes were immediately placed out of sight, and Susan, as her sole chance of concealment, squatted down in the cistern. Obadiah now made his appearance, and to their no small surprize called for a bason of water, to wash his hands. This rencounter was the more unexpected, as our honest Quaker was little in the habit of visiting the kitchen, and had moreover, at the very time, a party of friends with him in the drawing-room. Ruth handed the bason of water to her master with much visible confusion, and was, in fact, obliged to leave the place instantaneously, being scarcely able to refrain from bursting into a loud laugh. Obadiah having washed his hands, was on the

point of returning to his company up stairs, when suddenly he was alarmed by a loud sneeze. He looked around him with astonishment, but was utterly unable to discover whence the sound proceeded, no person, as far as he could perceive, being in the kitchen except himself. This circumstance greatly puzzled him, and his surprize soon exceeded all bounds, on hearing the sneeze repeated three or four times successively, with greater violence. In this dilemma Obadiah repaired to his friends in the drawing-room, and with great gravity requested their attendance in the kitchen, where, he gave them to understand, something highly marvellous and extraordinary had just occurred. The company readily agreed to follow him to the scene of action, where being arrived, Obadiah thus addressed them: "The spirit, yea verily the spirit strongly moveth me into a firm belief, that there dwelleth within yon cistern something supernatural: Ye are therefore intreated, my friends, to tarry here awhile, and witness what it shall produce." Obadiah hereupon advanced to the door, and vociferated, "Susan! Susan! where art thou?—hasten to thy master's call." Unfortunately, poor Susan was the last person in the world in a situation to obey her master's summons, being herself no other than the supernatural being supposed to inhabit the cistern. Receiving no answer therefore from Susan, Obadiah next called out for Ruth, to come immediately to his assistance. Meanwhile the cold situation in which the poor girl was placed, together with her fright, set poor Susan sneezing afresh, with more force than before. Judge of the surprize both of Obadiah and his friends. All this time Ruth was ready to burst with laughing, little considering the serious consequences which might result to her unfortunate companion from so long a continuance in the cold bath. "Verily, friend Obadiah"—at length said the company—"we know not what all this meaneth—but it appeareth exceedingly mysterious unto us, and ought to be examined into." To this Obadiah assented, and with his

friend went in search of Ruth, whom they met in the passage with a countenance full of sanctity. Obadiah recounted to her the marvellous scene which had taken place, and concluded with saying: "Look thou, Ruth, into the cistern, and deliver unto us the thing which thou shalt find therein." Ruth accordingly mounted a chair and peeped into the cistern. The look she gave, added to the absence of Susannah, who had been in vain called for, occasioned, it is supposed, certain suspicions in the breast of Obadiah, which, however, he had the prudence to dissemble, and being answered by Ruth in the negative, when he demanded whether she could discover any thing more than common in the cistern, he very coolly added, "In that case let out the foul water, which must certainly be impregnated with some unclean spirit, and see to it that the cistern be well purified." So saying Obadiah took his departure, to the great satisfaction of poor Susan, who now flattered herself that all her sufferings and troubles were at an end, and that she should be able to extricate herself from her uncomfortable bath, without being discovered. But, alas! she was woefully mistaken. Before Ruth had time to descend from the chair, and bolt the kitchen door, Obadiah, moved by what spirit we cannot pretend to say, abruptly entered, and mounting the vacant chair himself took a peep into the cistern. What he there saw and beheld, has never been promulgated by honest Obadiah:—suffice it to say, that he quitted the kitchen, without uttering a syllable. Ruth now made fast the door, and assisted her fellow handmaiden in escaping from her watery tomb.

This little accident, however ludicrous it appeared in itself, had nearly been attended with fatal consequences to poor Susan. From her long continuance in the cistern, she caught a violent cold, which quickly brought on a fever, and caused her life for a considerable time to be despaired of. During her delirium, she would frequently exclaim, "Ah, Ruth! Ruth! thou art a false girl; thou hast wilfully betrayed me." This impression of her com-

panion's treachery remained upon Susan's mind after her recovery, insomuch that it gave birth to a spirit of resentment, which rendered it adviseable that the two maidens should be parted. In deciding on this momentous affair friend Obadiah inclined in favour of Susan, whom he had beheld as formed by Nature, without a cloak to conceal her imperfections. Ruth, on the other hand, appeared to him as clothed with the garment of deceit, and was accordingly discharged. Since my return to England I have been informed, that our honest Quaker, weary of the loneliness of widowhood, has taken Susan to wife, and that they live very happily and lovingly together in the holy state of wedlock, even as did Abraham and Sarah.

NATURE AND ART.

I was acquainted with a very opulent planter in Jamaica, who had a wonderful predilection for monkies. He kept a numerous retinue of these animals, whom he trained up to perform a variety of domestic offices, such as waiting at table, handing wine to the guests, changing the plates, &c. In short, he was so enamoured with his establishment, that he preferred his four-footed attendants to any other servants, and would frequently brag, that he had discovered a method of entirely divesting monkies of their original propensities, and had so completely accustomed them to discipline, that they would never return to their old tricks and habits. Our planter was advancing this his favourite doctrine one day, among a party of friends, when a gentleman, lately arrived in the island, took upon him to combat the assertion. The argument was carried on with considerable warmth on both sides; at length it terminated, as is customary with Englishmen, in a wager. Stakes were immediately deposited, when the gentleman retiring from the room, under some plausible pretext, suddenly re-entered it, and threw a handful of nuts upon the floor. In an instant the monkies forgot their several callings and appointments: one threw away his glas, another his plate, and off they all

scampered in quest of the nuts. The planter was forced to acknowledge that he had lost the bet; and I am verily of opinion that he felt less regret at paying the money, than he experienced in thus seeing his favourite system at once controverted and overthrown.

PUNISHMENT OF LIBEL.

It is with sincere pleasure I observed lately in the public journals, that Mr. B—m has given notice of his intention to move, shortly after the Easter recess, for a revision of the laws relative to libel, and its consequent punishment. Certain late trials and condemnations recall forcibly to my mind an anecdote, of which I was an eye-witness, during my residence in Germany. A peasant in the vicinity of F—— was sentenced to stand in the pillory, for having spoken disrespectfully and contumeliously of the ministry. The prince passing accidentally at the time on horseback, and noticing what was transacting, enquired what crime the culprit had been guilty of, to merit such punishment. On being informed of the nature of the peasant's offence, he could not refrain from exclaiming, with a significant smile—"What a fool this fellow must be! He might have said whatever he pleased of me, I should never have caused him to exhibit his person in the place, where he now so cuts so conspicuous a figure!"

MY FATHER'S PORT-FOLIO.—No. II.

Amongst the papers I spoke of, in the last number of the *SCOURGE*, belonging to my late father, I particularly noticed the enclosed, which I take the liberty of transmitting to you, thinking it not totally unworthy of a place in your interesting miscellany. From what legendary tale my father transcribed it, I know not; it bears, however, so strong a similitude to recent times, that, though by the style it must have been of very ancient

date, the lesson it inculcates might have a seasonable warning, in these our degenerate days.

THE EXIGENCIES OF THE STATE.—A Fragment.

Thus having said, Queen *Snuffalinda* reclined her form on her gilded couch, when her faithful attendant thus addressed her: "Most wealthy Queen! possessor of all the treasures of Golconda and Peru! allow your slave to remark, that the borrowed tresses you are about to wear to-morrow, are in so crazy a condition, that I know not how your Majesty will be able to put them on." "Hold your tongue; you are a fool"—said the Queen—"Cannot I cover all the defects of my head with diamonds? The exigencies of the state demand economy, and economy forbids me to purchase a new wig."—"Ah! my Princess, but you, in the midst of riches, with more than you know what to do with."—"But the nation is poor," interrupted the *tender-hearted Snuffalinda*, "and I must economize:"—"The hair," resumed the attendant, "is not only worn off in several places, but in others, where it still remains, it is turned red, in others, quite *pisseux*.*" "Here, then," said *Snuffalinda*, giving the old damsel a box of dark brown powder, which made her sneeze till she almost broke a blood-vessel; "here, throw on some of this, and cover the remainder with diamonds and the plumes of the ostrich." The attendant knew it would be vain to urge any more; she therefore hastened from the portal to fulfil the commands of her sovereign mistress, who on being left to herself, regaled her ascending nostrils, that vied in extension with those of the hunted deer, and soon after fell into a gentle slumber.

Scarcely had sleep weighed down her royal eye-lids, when the form of a beauteous female, without any covering, stood, in a vision, before her. "Ah! my young friend," said *Snuffalinda*, "Are you likewise moved by the exigencies of the state? Are you so alive to our dis-

* This word, in old French, is similar to a kind of yellow tint, called in the *vulgate* p-ss-burnt.

tresses, as to economize so far, as to go *entirely naked*? Oh! I would willingly do the same, if the infirmities of age, and my exalted station, did not compel me to go well and richly clad." "Mistaken woman!" said the vision, "The exigencies of the state call not for economy on your part, but for your helping hand. Unlock your useless hoards of shining metal, and distribute a part to the needy and the unfortunate. Hear the words of TRUTH, who now addresses you, and when you hear that name, you will know, that I scorn all covering or disguise. Those eyes of yours, which never sparkled with the brilliant glow of enthusiastic affection to your fellow creatures, which, according to nature's course, must soon be closed in that sleep, of which your slumbers are but a faint shadow, will but a very little longer contemplate the diamond's glitter, or the resplendent metal of Peruvian mines. Avarice has steeled your bosom against every generous feeling; but recollect the duties of maternity, and what gratitude is demanded of you to a generous nation. Bestow a part of your gems and gold on your children and grand-children, another part to the suffering sons and daughters of humanity, and even then from thy high heaped treasures thou wilt have enough and more than enough left for thy residue of life, to support thee in all the dignity and splendour of that illustrious state, to which the hand of heaven was pleased to exalt thee. Then will the blessings of the poor and the distressed follow you with unceasing prayers for length of days, and in one moment you may recover the opprobrium of sordid avarice, with which you have been loaded for many years. Awake, royal wife of GUELPHALUS THE GOOD! Lose no time in preparing to relieve the exigencies of the state; and at the same time remember that the merchant and the artificer, even from him who weaves the golden tissue and the web of silk, to him who braids the artificial locks which cover thy aged head, look to thee for support, and require of thee that thou makest an appearance worthy of a great princess. But above all re-

member, that time has dug much more than half your grave, and that, though you are a powerful queen, you are but dust and ashes!" *Snuffalinda* awoke in fearful agony: the dream made such an impression on her mind, that she yet fancied she saw the form of Truth gliding through the portal, and she screamed out, "I am robbed! I am robbed! my diamonds! my diamonds! my gold! Unhappy wretch that I am, they have taken all, to relieve *the exigencies of the state!*"

SCRIBLERUS.

JOURNAL OF A MAN OF FASHION,
LODGING IN THE RULES OF THE KING'S BENCH.

April 18th. Having obtained the rules, I took a furnished lodging, where I was tolerably well accommodated for three guineas a week. But I had a set of very noisy and troublesome fellow-lodgers: one, in particular, who appeared to be a foreigner, continually mistaking my door for his own, at length decamped with the best part of my clothes. What I most regretted was a dashing curricule coat, in which I meant to figure away next term time in Hyde Park, and boldly bid defiance therein to my numerous creditors.

July 18th. I took a lodging on the south side of the Bench; and for about a fortnight I found it very pleasant, but at the end of that time I perceived, that the sun had changed my blue damask window curtains into the colour of a dead leaf, that the bugs had crept into my beautiful mahogany bedstead hung with crimson curtains, and that for my own part I had swallowed such a quantity of dust, that my throat and my eyes were in a state of inflammation. So, for fear of dying of blindness or a quinsey, I paid for two months lodgings, and decamped as fast as I could.

Jan. 18th. I was then living in M—place: my lodgings

were superbly furnished; I lodged in the parlours: on the first floor was a country banker, who had failed, and who gave a ball every fortnight. In the second floor was one, who had dabbled largely in the stocks: he had card company twice a week, who played very high. In the front room, on the third floor, was a musician to the Circus, and in the back room a sign-painter.

I went to one of the banker's balls, and was attacked with an inflammation on my lungs. I lost fifty pounds at the card-table of the stock-jobber; the musician had become particularly affable with my valet, who had helped him to three dozen of my best wine; and the painter regaled himself with the best victuals my larder afforded. I was therefore in a hopeful way, both as to my purse and my provisions.

October. When I first went into the rules I kept a gig. I was soon obliged to part with that, and many are the smiles I have witnessed on the countenances of my next door neighbours, when the saddle-horse that succeeded was sold, next the saddle, and then the bridle. I took a lodging in a more retired quarter. My manners became more correct, I was as sober as Diogenes, and an excellent eating-house being in the vicinity, I put my rascal on board-wages, and resolved to be economical. I walked round the limits prescribed by the rules, where I was vigilantly watched by the turnkeys, in the hopes I might wander out of my path, which would consequently enable them to extort some money from me. But of this I took good care; the air was salubrious enough, and in walking through and through the rules, I found I had exercise sufficient; and I vegetated out my existence tolerably well, till a new and perplexing incident befel me. Returning home one evening about nine o'clock, I found a new born infant lying on my bed. I sent immediately for the marshal; before whom I solemnly attested my innocence; he said, the child could not have dropt from the clouds: however, the truth, at length came out, and it was proved to be the child of the

musician, who had lodged in the same house with me in M— place.

May 18th. Fortune smiled on me once more; and I again took a lodging in M— place. My apartments were elegant; I kept my curricule, and was always dressed in the first style of fashionable buckism. In less than one month more than twenty young ladies, with handboxes in their hands, came to ask whether a German colonel, an English major, or an American merchant did not live there? One of them, whom I had never seen in my life, stood out so firmly that I had ordered of her two India muslin gowns, finely embroidered, that I was obliged to pay her for them, and to make her a present of them for the trouble she had been at in bringing them so far.

Almost all these ladies with their band-boxes were very pretty, and very well behaved. Several who told me they came a great distance, very readily accepted the breakfast I offered them.

August. My father having now declared that he will never make me an additional allowance, while I expend it as I have done, without satisfying my creditors, I have been again obliged to lay down my carriage, move to a house inhabited by many lodgers, and at length part with my servant, who has all along been robbing me. Oh! for an act of grace, to release us poor insolvent debtors, who, by our expectations, cannot take the benefit of the act! Surely such an event may be hoped for at the approaching royal nuptials. If ever I get free, I will never get in debt again: for though great may be the indulgence of the rules, yet

“Were even paradise itself my prison,
still should I pant to leap the crystal walls

A THREE YEARS' RULER.

UTOPIAN DIARY.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE two great houses, which shut up during the holidays, again opened on * * * *, and the following pieces are expected very shortly to be revived.

Out of Place, with alterations, the principal characters by the present M—y.

The Smugglers' Cave—Chief actresses Lady L—, and Lady C—.

<i>A new Way to pay Old Debts</i>	Mr. V—t.
<i>The Man of the World</i>	Mr. Serjeant S—p—d.
<i>The Busy Body</i>	Mr. B—th—t.
<i>The Farmer</i>	Mr. W—n.
<i>The Hypocrite</i>	Lord C—.
<i>The Gamester</i>	Mr. W—y P—e.
<i>Lose no Time</i>	By the Op—s—n.
<i>The Adamant Rock</i>	Mr. B—m.

In the course of the season for performing, Mr. V—t will treat the audience with the favorite song of "*The last Whistle*;" and Lord C—gh is expected to bring forward at his benefit the "*Brazen Bust*." The other benefits expected to take place will be "*The School of Reform*," splendidly got up by Messrs. B—g—m and T—n—y, for the benefit of all the actors; in which Lord C—ch—e will introduce the comic song of "*Diamond cut Diamond*," and perform a principal character in the farce of "*Hit or Miss*."

"*The Prisoner*" will be performed for Mr. L—k—t's benefit. The whole to conclude with a new *Extravaganza*, by the present M—y, before they quit the stage.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

The following new carriages are bespoke for the summer, at one of the principal coachmaker's in the metropolis:—

For Mr. V—ns—t—t. A brown sulky, arms three can-

dle ends *argent*, on a field *or*. The crest a pug dog, *passant*, with the motto, "*A la fin.*"

Lord C——. A superb *vis-a-vis*, made with a false bottom to contain laces, &c. The ground black, with the arms emblazoned in bronze, three deaths' heads; crest, a spade, with the motto, "*Remove what is useless.*"

S—J—T SH—P—D. An elegant barouche, the body of *fawn* colour, with a fancy ornament, or *invented arms*, representing a S——t-at-law licking the foot of the L—d C—f J—e. The motto, like old Kate Clive's, "*Who'd have thought it?*"

A plain family coach, more for use than ornament, emblazoned with the instruments of agriculture, for Mr. W—N. The motto, "*General Benefit.*"

Sir S—L R—Y. A spacious open carriage, with commodious descent, and a particular spring, whereby the driver, with care, may extricate himself from danger and confinement. The crest, an empty bird-cage, with the door open, the motto "*Libertas.*"

Lord R—D—LE has also a carriage bespoke after this model.

The Q—N, we are credibly informed, is determined, during these distressed times, to be the first to set the example of economy, as she is, she says, "very poor old vomans." She has, therefore, bespoke a German cart, to be made of old materials, which is the only carriage she is determined to use when at W—d—r.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

We are credibly informed that the society of surgeons, ever anxious to strike out improvements in anatomy, have it in contemplation to dissect the vocal organs of the gnat, as a violent dispute, it seems, has arisen amongst some of the members of the dissecting knife, whether the buzzing sound of the insect proceeds from the vibration of air on the wings, or whether the noise is not in the proboscis. The next lecture, read by the famous Baron Perspicuus, will treat on the different toptics

of the mouse and the sparrow ; after which he will dissect the eye of a dormouse, to the great amusement and gratification of his admiring audience.

A treatise on horticulture will then follow, wherein that learned and distinguished botanist, Prince Leopoldo de Excellenzoff will go through the several stages of amorous courtship of plants and flowers ; from the refined loves of the crown imperial, king's cup and rose, to the gross and vulgar embracings of the daisy, the butter-flower, and common hedge-nettle.

ELEPHANT'S MILK.

Dairies are now establishing in and about London, for the cultivation of this most salubrious and life-giving lacteal medicine. Drovers of elephants will soon be seen stationed before the doors of the opulent sick, instead of asses ; and cows will, in a short time, become a useless race of animals. The only place, where an elephant dairy is at present established, is in Great Mammoth-street, where Mr. Camel, of Dromedary college, is appointed milkman to these noble and sagacious animals. And that so beneficial a remedy may be universal, Mr. Camel will kindly sell it to the poor, at the very low rate of eleven shillings a pint.

THIEF-TAKING.

Wants employment, in the above capacity, a young man of the highest respectability : and for whose knowledge of the different turnings and windings of the society to which he formerly belonged, he can bring the most satisfactory recommendation from all those prosperous rogues and swindlers, who have escaped the gallows, and who confer such a lustre on the present generation. Please to address, post-paid, to V. C— opposite St. S—'s chapel.

SPECTACLES.

The most *scientific* article of the kind yet invented ;

teaching the wearer to sketch and tint from nature. Sun, wind, dust, rain or snow cannot come near the person who places them across his nose ; and if he finds a glaring noon-day sun too excessive, it will instantly become shady, as soon as he puts on these spectacles. Squinting effectually cured by them. By C— Baffle, of Tell-lye-street, formerly of Fib-hill.

NEW BAZAAR, ST. GILES'S.

On a grand and extensive scale, to be viewed by pedestrians or riders on donkies only, forming in itself a splendid museum, and truly elegant morning lounge for the keepers of the tripe-shops and gin-shops in that fashionable vicinity. Amongst the various articles now on sale are the superb robes, worn by the king of the chimney-sweepers, in May, 1814, embroidered richly in tinsel with stars and crosses. The celebrated knife and fork used by the late Mayor of Garrat, commonly known by the name of *Old Wigs*: together with the walking-stick of Old Joseph, the St. Giles's beggar. Variety of ladies and gentlemen's apparel, trinkets, &c. &c. Plain coats and hats, the nap of the former very little worn, and but few holes in the latter. Some white ribbons, but *once* washed, and very little soiled. Likewise a quantity of gloves, second hand, warranted free from every northern disease, some without the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, for the accommodation of ladies who take snuff or tobacco, to be sold in a lot, a great bargain. Bedgowns for boxing ladies, made surprisingly easy, and giving every play to a brawny arm, a singularly superb article: tasteful baby linen, made from checked aprons, late the property of an eminent receiver of stolen goods. The coat in which a scavenger of note pelted a renowned coal-heaver, warranted genuine: together with a rich assortment of asse's panniers, chimney-sweepers' caps, Belcher handkerchiefs in cotton, second and third hand wigs for ladies and gentlemen, and ten thousand other articles, too various for the limits of an ordinary advertisement.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

A particular friend to all the jailors and turnkeys in Utopia, very aptly nick-named LOCK-HEART—a sworn and bitter enemy to liberty and freedom, has been mighty busy in endeavouring to do away the present Insolvent Act, for the relief of debtors. He is desirous of inflicting a longer term of imprisonment than three months on the bodies of those, who are utterly unable to pay, thereby most *materially serving their creditors*, by putting it totally out of the debtors' power to pursue any avocation, whereby he can amend his circumstances. But things which are downright impossibilities in any other nation, are practicable in the land of Utopia; therefore, a peculiar benefit may be derived by doing away the present Insolvent Act. In the first place, a man who is starving in a prison for a length of time, and who may have, moreover, a wife and numerous family to support, may perhaps be the better enabled to discharge all his debts at once, by popping off, either by the jail-distemper, or by a broken heart; which will, no doubt, be of infinite advantage to the creditor, as he will have the addition of costs annexed to his demand. At all events, the dear friends of Mr. LOCK-HEART, the jailors and turnkeys, will be sure of *their profits*.

ESSENCE OF TYRE,

Which, accordant with its name, renders the hair of a beautiful and bright Tyrian purple. It is particularly recommended to princes and bishops, who may thus, at a small expence, be clothed in purple from head to foot. And what is most admirable of all, it will be impossible for the most intimate friends of every lady making use of this incomparable dye, the moment they see her fine purple head of hair, to recollect whether it was heretofore red, grey, sandy, or light brown. Therefore the advertiser assures them, that *they may dye their hair with the utmost secrecy*. Sold by every perfumer in Utopia, and no where else.

We are credibly informed that the *manning* of the Martello Towers, for the prevention of smuggling, goes on but slowly. It is, however, no small source of gratification to learn, that two ladies of high rank have been appointed to the command of the two principal ones. That on the Brighton coast, we understand, is to be commanded by Lady L*****, and that at Dover by the Viscountess C*****. The *accommodation* and *convenience*, which this appointment will afford to these two amiable and patriotic ladies, may be more easily imagined than expressed.

HONoured WITH ROYAL PATRONAGE.

As it must strike every rational mind, that the chief ambition of the heroes of Waterloo, in atchieving that grand but sanguinary victory, was to obtain smooth skins and white hands, to which may be added an ardent desire of obtaining the choicest perfumes to regale their sense of smelling, Tommy *Run-rigg* has therefore peculiar gratification, in recommending to the inhabitants of Utopia his WATERLOO *Aromatic Transparent Soap*. Its first name is quite sufficient to enable it to set at defiance all invidious attempts at detraction. It is most amazingly emollient, and of the most delicate *flavour*: and if any child may be hungry and have nothing to eat, it may with safety banquet upon this delicious perfume: for which reason it is made up in the tempting form of round cakes. And though this transparent soap is so light in its texture, it will be found, if the buyer wishes, to be as heavy and solid as lead itself. To be had of the proprietor, TOMMY RUN-RIGG, Humbug-street, Gull-square, and at every principal perfumer in Utopia.

LORD BYRON'S NEW POEMS.

ALTHOUGH fashion has long established his lordship's Parnassian reputation, we have never been of the number of those, who conceive him to possess a legitimate claim to the proud title of poet. A facility of tagging rhymes together, and *wire-drawing* a sentiment, till it becomes perfectly languid and insipid, he certainly may boast nearly in an equal degree with the gentle Master WALTER SCOTT. But of the higher attributes, which constitute the true and genuine character of poetic inspiration, he is lamentably deficient. Yet, such is the force of fashion, that few writers have ever gained greater credit for talent, or been more universally and eagerly sought after, than the authors of *Lara*, and the *Lord of the Isles*.

Little, however, as we have felt inclined to swell the list of his lordship's panegyrists and admirers, we have always hitherto contemplated him with respect. Till the present publications, Lord Byron appears in his works as the scholar and the gentleman. The greater therefore is our surprize at seeing a series of New Poems, to which his lordship's name is prefixed, which woefully derogate from the character above given. One of them, in particular, is of so coarse, so atrocious, and revolting a description, that we cannot possibly bring ourselves to believe, that it can be the production of his lordship. We allude to the second article in the collection, entitled a *Sketch from private Life*.

The public papers have already sufficiently promulgated the unhappy rupture, which has taken place between his lordship and his amiable lady. Far be it from us to pry into family secrets, or to trifle with the wounded feelings of individuals. But the fact of separation is too notorious to be disguised. Lord Byron, who, it is understood, meditates a continental tour, addresses a *farewell* to his lady, in which we find the following highly remarkable lines :

"All my *faults*—perchance thou knowest—
All my *madness*—none can know!"

These are avowedly words of much import, and may tend to throw no small light on the transaction, to which we have above alluded. Notwithstanding the marked affectation of exquisite and refined sensibility, which runs through the whole of this mawkish poem, his lordship cannot refrain from throwing out indirect and oblique upbraidings on his consort, and even announces to her that she must expect many wearisome and sleepless nights. Speaking of his own tender and loving heart, he says:

"Would that breast were bar'd before thee,
Where thy head so oft has lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee,
Which thou *ne'er can'st know again!*
Would that breast, by thee glanc'd over,
Ev'ry inmost thought could show!
Then, thou wouldst at last discover,
'Twas not well to spurn it so.
Though the world for this commend thee;
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe.
Though *my many faults defac'd me!*
Could no other arm be found
Than the one, which once embrac'd me,
To inflict a cureless wound?"

In the same style of puerile affectation, his lordship draws a picture of his own forlorn and disconsolate situation.

"Ev'ry feeling has been shaken,
Pride—which not a world could bow—
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now."

Of forgiveness and reconciliation, it seems, there is not the most distant hope:

"No, 'tis done—all words are idle—
 Words from me are vainer still;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle,
 Force their way, without the will.—
 Fare thee well!—thus disunited—
 Torn from ev'ry nearer tie—
 Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
 More than this I scarce can die!"

The second poem is entitled a *Sketch from Private Life*, and is intended for the portrait of Lady Byron's governess. Here, as we have already remarked, his lordship totally loses sight of all the laws of good-breeding and common politeness. The poetry is completely on a par with the theme—low, coarse and inelegant. His lordship thus apostrophizes the object of his satire:

"Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
 Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
 Next—for some gracious service unexpress'd,
 And from its wages only to be guess'd,
 Rais'd from the toilet to the table, where
 Her wond'ring betters wait behind her chair;
 With eye unmov'd, and forehead unabash'd,
 She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd."

After this, we are told, she was appointed governess to the young lady.

"Who could, ye Gods! her next employment guess?
 An only infant's earliest governess!
 She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
 That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell!"

This self-same governess is accused of being the primary and efficient cause of the unhappy rupture, between Lord and Lady Byron. Such a charge, if true, might justify the resentment, which appears to rankle in his lordship's bosom; but it can never palliate coarseness of language and grossness of invective; it can never authorize ribaldry and abuse. Every friend of his lordship must feel scandalized, on perusing the following disgusting and unmanly attack upon a female:

" If, like a snake, she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her, as she crawls :
If, like a viper, to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there, she did not find :
What marvel, that this *hag* of hatred works
Eternal evil, latent as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the *Hecate* of domestic hells !"

A little further on, the picture is rendered still more black and hideous :

" A lip of lies—a face form'd to conceal,
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel :
With a vile mask, the Gorgon would disown,
A cheek of parchment, and an eye of stone !
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud !!!
Cas'd, like the centipede, in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale ;
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colour in that soul, or face ;)
Look on her features ! and behold her mind,
As in a mirror of itself defin'd :
Look on the picture ! deem it not o'ercharg'd,
There is no *trait*, which might not be enlarg'd ;
Yet, true to " nature's journeymen," who made
This monster, when their mistress left off trade,
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop, or die."

In more instances than one his lordship upbraids lady Byron with her unforgiving temper. Yet it appears that he himself is animated with the most implacable spirit of malevolence. As a proof of his *charitable* and truly *christian* disposition, we quote the following lines :

" May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom, with reflected blight !
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind.
Till thy hard heart be calcin'd into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust !"

Nay, so unrelenting is his lordship, that he carries his

resentment even beyond the grave, and most *piously* prays that the poor governess may not rest quietly in her tomb!

“ Oh ! may thy grave be sleepless, as the bed—
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread !
Then, when thou fain wouldst weary heav'n with pray'r,
Look on thine earthly victims, and—*despair* !
Down to the dust—and, as thou rott'st sway,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay !”

Surely in all this there must be some terrible mistake, some vile forgery and imposition on the public ; for never can we persuade ourselves that his lordship can be the author of so abominable and impious a lampoon. We therefore entertain a confident hope, that his lordship will formally and publicly disavow a production, which reflects disgrace alike upon his heart and head. A more execrable attempt at satire we have never witnessed. It must excite horror and disgust in every well-organized mind—and does not possess one single redeeming feature in the whole composition.

PROCRASTINATED NUPTIALS.

To the Editor of the Scourge.

SIR,

PERMIT me, through the channel of your interesting miscellany, to state my calamities and aggravated case. It is now upwards of twelve months, that I have paid my addresses to a young lady of this metropolis, named Tabitha Thorn. The object of my vows was pleased not to reject my suit, and repaid my passion with a mutual flame. In short, in March last she made an explicit avowal of her sentiments, and most affectionately placing her hand in mine, whilst a thousand blushes suffused her beauteous cheeks, solemnly engaged to become my loving help-mate. Transported with rapture at this ingenuous confession, I clasped the dear and lovely creature in my arms, pressed her with ineffable delight to my throbbing

bosom, and, imprinting burning kisses on her ruby lips, urged her to name a near day for our nuptials.

This tender scene took place in the course of a retired walk, leading from Battle Bridge to Highgate. Tabitha, without specifying any particular day, referred me to her mother, with whom it was her wish that I should regulate the details of our union. This important point settled, we crossed over to Copenhagen-house, where we partook of some refreshment, and repeated our mutual vows. Whilst winding my encircling arms round my Tabitha's waist, how my fond heart beat with rapture at the enchanting idea, that two weeks more, (which was the time I had fixed upon, in my own mind) would render me the enviable possessor of such bright and matchless charms!

As urgent business would not permit me to wait upon Tabitha's mother the following day, to arrange with her the precise time and other particulars relative to our wedding, I promised, on parting with my mistress, to call upon the good old lady the third day, at the latest. Faithful to my word, I repaired to the house at an early hour, and having paid my respects to my future mother-in-law, at once entered upon the affair of my union with her daughter. But, alas! what a cruel disappointment was I doomed to experience! It seems the very next day after our aforesaid retired walk in Copenhagen fields, Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg had arrived in London, to solicit the fair hand of the young Princess Charlotte of Wales. This circumstance had given birth to a strange concatenation of ideas, in the good old lady's brain, which tended to throw my expected happiness to an immeasurable distance, and which were but too readily entertained and adopted by my mistress herself. On my urging the mother to consent to our marriage on the day I had myself fixed upon, I was peremptorily given to understand, that this would be utterly impossible; that she had fully made up her mind, that our marriage should be solemnized the same day as the royal nuptials, and that Tabitha

had agreed to abide by her determination. In vain was it that I begged, intreated, and even supplicated, that my happiness might not be so cruelly trifled with, so wantonly deferred. The good old lady remained inexorable, and Tabitha herself was so enchanted with the idea of being married the same day with her Royal Highness, that she appeared to cling as pertinaciously to this strange and ridiculous whim, as her mother. The latter even refined upon the idea, and proceeding from one absurdity to a still greater, declared it to be the *sine qua non* of her consent to my marriage with her daughter, that the first fruit of our union should be christened by the same name, which should be given in baptism to the offspring of the royal pair, in case, that is to say, his Royal Highness of Saxe Cobourg should keep exact pace with myself, in fulfilling the commandment given to our first parents, whilst yet in their state of innocence in the garden of Eden, to—"increase and multiply."

As I am not of the Shandean school, I attach but very little value and importance to a name—I therefore made no difficulty in acceding to the *sine qua non* of Tabitha's mother, relative to the christian name to be borne by our offspring, not yet in embryo; and putting as good a face as I possibly could upon the disappointment of my hopes with respect to the time of our marriage, took respectful leave of the mother, not forgetting, withal, to profit of a well-watched opportunity to whisper some soft things into her daughter's ear. Gladly would I have prevailed upon Tabitha to renounce the silly and romantic notions of her mother, and to become mine without delay, leaving the Prince of Saxe Coburg and his illustrious bride to act as they thought proper; but this I found it absolutely impracticable to effect.

In this manner was I left in a state of the most cruel uncertainty and suspense, till the public papers announced the 16th of April, as the day appointed for the royal nuptials. The moment I read this important intelligence, I flew on the wings of love, and buoyed up with

ardent hope, to the mother of my charming Tabitha. I was most graciously received by the good lady, who over and over again assured me of the pleasure she felt in bestowing her daughter upon me, called me, in the most affectionate terms, her dear son, and even honoured me with a maternal salute—a mark of kindness I could willingly have dispensed with. Tabitha, who had been on a visit to a relation, now made her appearance—the old lady beckoned to her daughter to advance, making, at the same time, a signal to me to do the same. I did not give her the trouble to repeat her summons, but sprung forward with all the alacrity of a bridegroom, when the good dame joined our hands together, and formally ratified her consent to our union, under the express stipulation that the marriage ceremony was to be celebrated on Tuesday, the 16th of April, the day fixed upon for the nuptials of their Royal Highnesses the Princess Charlotte of Wales, and Leopold Prince of Saxe Cobourg. “May your union”—she added—“prove fruitful! May you be the happy parents of a numerous offspring!—and when the fullness of time shall come, may your first-born be ushered into existence under the most benign auspices, and receive the same name, in baptism, as shall be given to the first fruit of the royal nuptials!” To this pious prayer, we both most fervently ejaculated, “*Amen!*”—rose from the devout posture in which we kneeled, and resumed our seats.

A very serious consultation now ensued, respecting the arrangements of our wedding—the dress to be worn at the altar by Tabitha, with various other topics of similar importance. I took my leave late in the evening, enchanted with the flattering prospects which opened upon me, and anticipating the delights of that extatic moment, which was to put me in possession of the charms on which my heart doated, in possession of her, whom I loved more, infinitely more, than all the world.

For upwards of a week, I was unremittingly occupied with the necessary preparations for our marriage and

future establishment. With an eagerness of impatience, which none but lovers can conceive, (an impatience which even outstripped Lord C—stl—gh's late celebrated taunt, when he characterized the patriotic resistance of the country at large to the inquisitorial measure of the *income, or property tax*, by the phrase of a clamorous *impatience of taxation*) I computed the days, the hours, nay, even the very minutes, which had still to elapse before the attainment of my proudest hopes and wishes. In this manner did I endeavour to beguile the lingering moments, which deferred my joys; when, on perusing a fashionable morning paper, I learnt, to my no small surprize, that the day appointed for the royal nuptials had been changed, and that this so much talked of and desirable event was postponed from the 16th to the 28th of April. Tumultuously beat and struggled my heart within my agitated bosom at this news. I seemed to have a *presentiment* of the disappointment which awaited me. Without loss of time, I repaired to the house where resided the idol of my soul. I was not a little struck, on entering the apartment, to find Mrs. Thorn with her daughter conning over the fashionable news in the *Morning Post*, from which they were reading the very identical paragraph, which had occasioned me so much uneasiness. I made my obeisance to the ladies, not without visible embarrassment, and took a seat. "Well, my dear son"—quoth Mrs. Thorn—"have you heard the court-news of to-day?"—"What news? my dear lady"—I replied with well dissembled astonishment, as if ignorant of the circumstance to which the good old lady alluded—"Why"—retorted Mrs. Thorn—"of the postponement of the royal nuptials, from the 16th to the 28th of the month"—"Good G—d! is it possible?" I rejoined—"But too possible, indeed"—answered Mrs. Thorn—"the thing, son, is verily so"—I sank back in my chair at this reply, and a thousand sinister ideas crossed my mind. After a considerable pause, I at length plucked up sufficient courage to observe, that I

hoped and trusted that this procrastination of the royal nuptials would have no effect or influence on the arrangements between me and Miss Tabitha. "Indeed, but it most certainly will," hastily exclaimed the mother.— "By mutual agreement your marriage with my daughter is to take place the self-same and identical day that the royal nuptials shall be solemnized. Now, you find, that the latter are postponed from the 16th to the 28th of this month—of consequence a similar procrastination must take place in your own arrangements."

I was completely thunder-struck at this declaration, which I combated with all the eloquence in my power, but to no purpose. Mrs. Thorn remained firm and inflexible, and so thoroughly had she instilled her own sentiments into her daughter, that Tabitha was almost as head-strong on this point as herself. "It was her intention," Mrs. Thorn observed, "to publish our marriage in the *Morning Post* and *Fashionable World*. Thus would our names be handed down to the latest posterity, and figure on the same record with those of their Royal Highnesses the Princess Charlotte of Wales, and Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg. And oh!" added the good lady, "how shall I exult and rejoice, should it please heaven to bless your union with a child, the same day that her Royal Highness shall be brought to bed! This would indeed be a proud triumph, and should be duly recorded in the public papers!" Finding all opposition fruitless, I withdrew with a heavy heart, cursing the infatuation, which so cruelly frustrated my most sanguine wishes.

On my return home, I found a letter, which summoned me into the country, to attend the dying moments of a maiden aunt, who had adopted me as her own son, and always treated me as such. She breathed her last in my arms, the third day after my arrival, and by her will put me in possession of her whole estate. I remained in the country to see her funeral obsequies performed in a suit-

able manner, and then prepared for my departure, it being now the twentieth day of April.

The evening previous to my leaving the town in which my late aunt resided, I had the misfortune, as I was ascending the staircase leading to my bed-room, to tread on the tail of a great, ugly, black tom-cat. The furious animal instantly attacked me like a tyger, and flying directly at my face, left the marks of his claws deeply engraven in both my cheeks. It was indeed next to a miracle, that he did not scratch out my eyes. I cut, in sober verity, a most deplorable figure, especially for a bridegroom, and would willingly have exchanged my scarifications for a broken arm. This, however, was impracticable. I was therefore compelled to put the best face I could upon the business, and having arranged my affairs, posted incontinently up to London, where I arrived on the twenty-second of the month.

It cost me many a heavy pang, before I could resolve to venture into the presence of my charmer, in the woeful plight in which I now appeared. My face was literally covered with scratches and patches, so that I might justly have borne the appellation of the *knight of the rueful countenance*. Female hearts, however, are known to be compassionate and tender, and Love, all-powerful Love, I made no doubt, would plead in favour of my beclawed and mutilated face, in the gentle bosom of Tabitha.

I shall not attempt to depict the confusion I experienced, on entering the room. My charmer no sooner cast eyes upon me, than she uttered a loud shriek, whilst the good old lady, her mother, stared me fairly out of countenance. And now succeeded a long and rigorous examination, respecting the cause and author of my scarification. Like Othello in the play, I told the "plain unvarnished tale" of my adventure with the black tom-cat; but I might as well have preached to the tempest, or the roaring ocean: my story neither obtained credit with the mother nor the daughter. They were positive that I had been playing tricks with some naughty wo-

man, and read me a severe lecture on my frailty, inconstancy, and bad faith. Vows and protestations to the contrary were of no avail—my defence only aggravated my supposed crime.

And now came the moment of my utter discomfiture and disgrace. Mrs. Thorn, having previously requested silence, took up a newspaper, adjusted her spectacles, and prepared to read. My heart misgave me the moment I perceived it to be the *Morning Post and Fashionable World*. From this journal it appeared, that the royal nuptials were again postponed from the twenty-eighth of April, to the middle of May. "And is my marriage with Miss Tabitha,"—I exclaimed with anxious foreboding—"to be put off to the same period?"—"Most assuredly, sir!"—replied Mrs. Thorn—"but this is not all. His serene highness the Prince of Saxe Cobourg, as we find in the *Morning Post*, has an abscess or ulcer in his throat;—you have your face torn, scratched, and clawed to pieces. In both cases, to arrive at the cure, it is necessary to have a thorough knowledge of the cause of the disorder. If the wounds, therefore, in your face should be healed by the time the royal nuptials take place, you must produce proof of the truth of the adventure, to which you attribute your scarified visage, or else you must renounce all pretensions to my daughter's hand."

If I was mortified at hearing the above sentence pronounced by the mother, I was still more so, at seeing it ratified by a nod of assent from the daughter. Tabitha not only insisted on the postponement of our nuptials, but even commented more severely, than her mother had done, on my rueful countenance. However conscious of my innocence, I could not avoid appearing disconcerted and abashed. My confusion was misconstrued into an evidence of guilt, and for the first time, since our retired walk in Copenhagen fields, Miss Tabitha and myself parted mutually dissatisfied with each other.

Now, Mr. Editor, although it will subject me to little

trouble or inconvenience, to procure incontrovertible proofs and vouchers of my innocence, as far as relates to the scarification of my face, (my perilous adventure with the black tom-cat having been witnessed by more than half a dozen of the neighbours, as well as by the people of the house) I cannot disguise, that the circumstances to which it has given rise, have occasioned me sincere pain and sorrow. If my union with Tabitha is irrevocably to depend on the celebration of the royal nuptials, I see no possibility of ascertaining the exact day, nor even month. And should the Prince's abscess or ulcer take an unfavorable turn, it will be of little use to me, that my scars and scratches heal and disappear. Well may the proverb observe, that "many things fall out between the cup and the lip." Whilst refreshing myself with Tabitha, at Copenhagen-house, as mentioned in the beginning of my sad story, I fancied that I held the cup of happiness in my own grasp, and already applied it to my lip. Now it is rudely dashed from my hand, and interdicted to my taste. Such, Mr. Editor, is the forlorn state of

Your humble servant,

TIMOTHY PLUMB.

Hatton Garden, 24th April, 1816.

PROTECTION AND ALLEGIANCE ;

OR,

The relative Duties of Prince and Subject.

A VERY extraordinary publication, just issued from the press, has been sent to us, which embraces a series of argument, supported by facts, of the highest constitutional interest and importance. It bears the significant title of *Proof of the Contempt with which the most sacred rights of British Subjects are treated by their Government ; Or an Appeal, from the Injustice of his Majesty's Ministers, to the Constitution and the Laws.* By A. JOHNSTON, Esq.

The author of the above work, it appears, being an enthusiastic admirer of the fine arts, repaired to Paris on the ratification of the treaty of Amiens, in 1802, with a view of improvement, as a painter, by studying the *chef d'œuvres* of art, of which the French capital at that time was the grand depository. On the rupture of this short-lived peace, or rather armed truce, in May, 1803, our author was enveloped in the sweeping measure, which constituted all British subjects, residing on the French territory, prisoners of war, under the absurd denomination of *hostages*. He remained in *illegal detention* (the circumstance of the arrest of British subjects, residing peaceably in France, being contrary to the recognized rights of nations, and the usages of civilized war) eleven years.

For this illegal detention, with the concomitant losses he, sustained Mr. Johnston, on his emancipation from captivity, and return to England, in 1814, delivered in to the commissioners appointed to carry into effect the second and fourth additional articles of the treaty of Paris, a claim on the French government to the amount of £3920. The commissioners, in their answer, dated Downing-street, 20th of August, 1814, inform Mr. Johnston, that the second and fourth additional articles of the treaty of Paris have no relation to his claim for illegal detention in France.

Disappointed in this quarter, Mr. Johnston addresses his claim to Lord Castlereagh, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and insists upon indemnity. He receives the following answer:

“ Foreign Office, Dec. 15th, 1814.

“ Mr. Hamilton presents his compliments to Mr. Johnston, and has received the directions of the Secretary of State to acquaint him, in reference to his memorial of the 10th of December, stating his claim on the government of France, that the same has been duly considered, and that it does not appear to his Majesty's government, that there is any ground on which the sufferings of Mr. Johnston, however they are to be regrett-

ed, can be brought forward officially for claiming compensation from the government of His Most Christian Majesty."

Little satisfied with this reply, Mr. Johnston returns the following remonstrance :

"The undersigned has had the honor of receiving Mr. Hamilton's note of yesterday, stating the decision of the Minister, which declares that it is impossible for the British government to demand reparation for what ministers are pleased to term the *sufferings* of its subjects, who were so long and so illegally held in captivity in France, and otherwise ill-treated by the government of that country. The undersigned begs leave to observe to Mr. Hamilton, that however legitimate a claim, founded even upon nothing but bodily suffering, and ill-treatment wantonly inflicted, ought to appear in the eyes of every just and paternal government, it is easy to be perceived, from the nature of the undersigned's claim, as stated at the bottom of his memorial, that his pretensions are entirely founded on pecuniary loss.

"The undersigned, therefore, would be glad to know, before he proceeds any further in a matter of such high importance, whether the Secretary of State has omitted the perusal of the claim alluded to, at the bottom of his memorial? Or, whether, on reflection, it is the determination of the Secretary of State to treat such claim with contempt? It is not to the French, but to the *British* government, that the undersigned looks up for justice and redress. The ties between government and subjects are reciprocal. If the former is authorised to expect allegiance, the latter have an equal right to demand protection.

"The undersigned, in requesting Mr. Hamilton to favour him with a speedy answer, begs to offer him the assurance of his distinguished consideration.

(Signed)

"A. JOHNSTON."

23, Adam-street, Manchester-square,

Dec. 16, 1814.

Our author's remonstrance, however, produces no other effect than a second note from Mr. Hamilton, dated Foreign Office, Dec. 19, informing Mr. Johnston that his case has been attentively considered, and submitted to the legal advisers of the crown, and that Mr. Hamilton is sorry that he is not able to give him any other answer than that which has already been communicated.

Thoroughly convinced of the justice of his claim, Mr. Johnston does not suffer himself to be rebutted by repeated refusals. In his youthful days, he tells us (our author was only eighteen years of age, when he was arrested, and made prisoner of war by Bonaparte) he had read with great attention DELOLME's admirable work on the British Constitution, and his imagination was fired with the bold and manly eloquence of the leaders of opposition, in the two houses of parliament. Sanguine himself in the sacred cause of freedom, he placed implicit faith in the patriotism of these declaimers for the rights and privileges of the people. He flattered himself that they would with alacrity plead his cause before the national tribunal, and advocate the claims of a British subject, who had experienced not only pecuniary losses, but much bodily suffering in an enemy's country, from his loyalty and attachment to his king and native land.

Buoyed up with ardent hope, our author made a personal appeal to the patriotism of an eminent and leading member of opposition, since deceased, the late Mr. Samuel Whitbread, whom he waited upon at his country residence at Southill, on the 11th of January, 1815. But so far, he tells us, was the result of his application from being satisfactory, that he found himself under the necessity of repelling rudeness, and exposing political hypocrisy, in a letter of considerable length, addressed to the Editor of the Sun, and published in that newspaper on the 19th of the same month. The gentleman against whom this attack was directed, it seems, in so far repented of his rude conduct, as to make the *amende honorable* by a letter of apology; but of his patriotic principles, the author appears to entertain no very favourable opinion.

Repulsed by Mr. Whitbread, our author did not, however, desist from his purpose. He still inclined to hope, that, amongst the vaunted phalanx of opposition, *one* patriot, at least, might still be found. In this expectation he turned his eye on Sir Francis Burdett. We give his account of the result of his application to this popular member for Westminster, in Mr. Johnston's own words;

"During his captivity in France, the author had frequently read in the French journals extracts from the English newspapers, praising with unlimited encomiums the integrity and undaunted zeal of Sir Francis Burdett, in vindicating the cause of his country's rights. His decided opposition to ministers; his *philippics* against court-influence and corruption; his daring hostility to administration; his imprisonment in the Tower; his triumphal liberation from that fortress—in a word, every thing that the author had heard and read of the public character of Sir Francis, depicted that gentleman to his imagination, as the firm and steady champion of freedom; the intrepid advocate of the constitution, and the virtuous redresser of private and individual oppression. He felt himself inspired, therefore, with more than ordinary confidence in this disciple of the celebrated HORNE TOOKE, and in the fulness of his heart adopted Sir Francis, as his patron, against the injustice of the pensioned retainers of government.

"He accordingly detailed his case at length, in writing, to this vaunted demagogue. No answer to his letter.—Apprehensive lest any disaster might have prevented its receipt, and little imagining that so zealous a *political Quixotte*, as SIR FRANCIS, could treat a constitutional appeal with indifference and neglect, he renewed his application, and took effectual means to ensure the delivery of his letter, at his mansion in Piccadilly. Labour in vain! The illustrious patriot had probably no leisure, amidst his grand and weighty occupations, to investigate the cause of an oppressed and unknown individual. Unfortunately for the author, he had never attracted public notice by inflammatory conduct, or seditious language! His name was never entered on the muster-roll of the "*Corresponding Society*!" nor did he ever join the phalanx of discontented politicians and *soi-disant* reformers! He never served, as *Echo* to the *democrat* orator of Palace-yard; nor were his shoulders ever yoked, like a beast of burden, to the car of the APE OF GRACCHUS!!! Contempt, of course, was the author's portion, and the inflated tribune of Westminster did not deem his letter entitled to an answer.

"This slight, the author must candidly confess, at first not a little nettled and disconcerted him. But, when he came to analyze the character, and investigate the actions of this blazoned patriot, both his irritation and his astonishment subsided

in an instant. How, in fact, could the author—a personal stranger to SIR FRANCIS; a man of no *political notoriety*; no *preacher of sedition*; no *leader nor abettor of faction*, how could *he* expect to be honoured with the notice of a demagogue, who even scarcely considers his own partisans and constituents worthy of his regard? How could *he* expect any attention from a legislator, who declined meeting his own electors, convoked on a grand national question*, in his favourite *arena* of Palace-yard; because, forsooth, a paltry fall of snow had intervened the preceding night, and the honourable baronet feared to encounter the fatigues of a journey of a dozen miles, in a snug, comfortable carriage? At present, now that he views things more coolly, and has learnt duly to appreciate the character of *patriots by profession*, he cannot abstain from blushing at his own simplicity, in trusting to such a bruised reed, and putting faith in the hollow boasts of factious demagogues, and political malcontents.”

Finding every application to ministers and public characters frustrate and ineffectual, our author determined to appeal at once to the source and fountain-head of all authority, and in this view, addressed on the 3d of April, 1815, a detailed memorial of his case and claims to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and to the most honourable Privy Council, which he delivered personally at the Council-office, Whitehall. In this memorial, Mr. Johnston adverts to certain services he had the good fortune to render to the allied armies in France, as will be seen from the following extract:

“ Having found means to effect his escape from Verdun, the author joined, not without much difficulty and risk, the advanced posts of the Prussian army, covering at that time the left bank of the Moselle river, near Metz. After giving all the information he had acquired, whilst passing through the French lines, respecting the state and position of the enemy’s armies, to Prince William of Prussia, he had the honour of presenting to that general a memorial, (the execution of which, however, the most unexpected, and at the same time, the most inexpli-

* Alluding to the meeting in Palace-yard, to petition against the Corn-bill.

cable faults of the enemy's manœuvres, rendered unnecessary) relative to the reduction of the fortresses of Metz and Sarre Louis, which he accompanied with detailed plans, calculated to accomplish so desirable an object with the least possible loss. His Royal Highness was pleased to testify his entire approbation of the project, but expressed his unfeigned regret, that the want of a sufficient train of artillery, and other warlike instruments, put it out of his power to attempt the enterprize, and deprived him of the satisfaction of carrying with so small a force a place, which had bade defiance to the acknowledged military talents, and well disciplined armies of Charles V."

In consequence of the above memorial, an interview took place between Mr. Johnston and Lord Chetwynd, at the Council-office, in which the noble viscount assured our author, that the Privy Council was not the proper authority to which documents of the nature of Mr. Johnston's claim ought to be addressed. But when Mr. Johnston requested his lordship to have the condescension to inform him, which of the various public boards was the identical one, to which he ought to apply, Lord Chetwynd returned for answer, that "this was more than he knew himself; that he was totally ignorant on this point." So saying, Lord Chetwynd tendered back to Mr. Johnston his memorial to the Privy Council, which our author, however, refused to accept.

Little satisfied with the result of this interview, Mr. Johnston, on the 16th of May, of the former year, delivered a second memorial to the Privy Council urging his claims, and soliciting a specific answer. He is again invited to call at the Council-office, where a singular scene took place between himself, Lord Chetwynd, and Mr. Buller, and of which Mr. Johnston gives the following account.

"The tenor of the note, requesting the author's attendance at the Council-office, naturally led him to conclude, that his unwearied exertions approximated towards a close, and that the most honourable Privy Council had at length come to the resolution of awarding him justice, and satisfying his legitimate claim. But, alas! most woefully was he mistaken in his expectations! The language of Mr. Buller was even more provoking than that

of Lord Chetwynd. On urging his request for a *written* answer to his memorial, the author was told, that the most honorable Privy Council never *commit themselves in writing*. On receiving this answer, the author enquired, what would be the course of proceeding, should a similar document be addressed to that most honorable board, from his Majesty's possessions in the East Indies? He was told, that the determination of the most honorable Privy Council would, in that case, be communicated *verbally* to the petitioner's agent, in this country. Some desultory conversation now ensued, when Mr. Buller suddenly, with an air, which it is difficult to describe, (and which the French so appropriately designate by the word *goguenard*) desired the author to look round about the room, and see, whether there was any money there to indemnify him for his losses? This insulting speech met with the retort it so justly deserved. The author admitted, that he saw no *money*; but he added withal, that just as little did he see any *halters*: yet well aware was he, that should he commit any rash action, in that room, the most honorable Privy Council would experience no difficulty in finding a *rope* to hang him: and not him only, but nine tenths of the whole population of the country.

"These words were uttered with considerable warmth by the author, and appeared to make no small impression, as well on Mr. Buller, as on Lord Chetwynd, who was present at the interview. Convinced of the inutility of all further remonstrance in this quarter, and at the same time apprehensive of committing himself, in the heat of passion, the author took his leave; but not without assuring his lordship and Mr. Buller, that the most honorable Privy Council should hear further from him. In conformity with this declaration, he the very next day addressed the following MANIFESTO to the Council-office.

"*To the Most Honorable Privy Council of his Britannic Majesty,*

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"Considering myself to have a legitimate claim upon the government of my country; Considering the numerous and fruitless attempts I have made to obtain justice from the different agents of that government; Considering the manner, in which my two several memorials to your most honorable board have been treated; Considering that, notwithstanding the provisions of *Magna Charta*, and the rights secured thereby to the subjects of these realms, your most honorable board still

persist in treating with marked and deliberate contempt the humble petition of a liege subject of his Britannic Majesty—Considering, that we owe the inestimable blessings of the British constitution to the generous efforts, the patriotic heroism, and the blood of our valiant ancestors ; Considering that every subject, who, through pusillanimity, suffers the least infraction of that sacred contract to be committed with impunity by the agents of his government, is not merely responsible to God for the consequences, but at the same time guilty of treachery to the *manes* of those heroes, who purchased with their blood the liberty we enjoy, or rather which we ought to enjoy ; and worthy of no other sentiment, but that of execration and contempt from his fellow-citizens ; Considering that, by tame and passive acquiescence in oppression, we become criminal towards our children, and are responsible to the rising generation for the fetters we forge for their enthrallment ; Considering that, when a government succeeds in setting itself beyond the reach of justice and the laws, it becomes completely absolute, despotic, and tyrannical, and by that very act gives the signal for the commencement of scenes of the most awful description ; Considering that the subject is bound by every tie, divine and human, to resist, even unto death, every attempt to despoil him of his chartered rights ; Considering, likewise, that the functions of his Majesty's most honorable Privy Council are not merely to punish subjects for their crimes, but to protect them from injustice—I have deliberately resolved, and firmly determined, as follows :

“That, unless his Majesty's most honorable Privy Council do take into due consideration, and categorically answer my two humble memorials, of the 3d of April, and the 16th of May, presented to their most honorable board, that the whole of the official correspondence upon the subject of my claim, between me and the agents of the British government, together with my two aforesaid memorials, shall be committed to print, to the number of one thousand copies—one half of which to be distributed to the agents of the government, and the other half to be disposed of *gratis* for the information of the public at large. And further, I herewith most solemnly announce and declare, that my utmost efforts shall be henceforward unremittingly employed (combining at the same time prudence with perseve-

rance) in the pursuit and attainment of personal justice, and the furtherance of the public good.

"I have the honour to be,

My Lords, and Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant,

(Signed)

"A. JOHNSTON,"

23, Adam-street, Manchester-square,

23d May, 1815.

Shortly after the delivery of the above *Manifesto*, our author quitted the capital, and embarked at Dover for Ostend, with the intention of offering his services to one of the Allied Powers. His reason, he observes, for separating himself from the banners of his country, and volunteering in the armies of a foreign government, originated in the rejection of the tender he made of his services to his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, soon after the debarkation of the ex-emperor in France, in the beginning of March of the former year. Mr. Johnston arrived at Heidelberg on the sixth of June, at which city the several staffs of most of the Allied Sovereigns were then quartered. He appears to have attached himself to the service of Russia, and the following certificate given him by General Orloff, bears honourable testimony to his activity and zeal.

Certificat.

"Le soussigné, Général-Major au service de Russie, remplissant à l'époque de Juillet, 1815, les fonctions de Chef d'Etat-Major du septième corps d'Armée Russe, atteste par le présent certificat que, d'après les ordres de son commandant en chef, il est entré en relation avec le Sieur Johnston, relativement aux moyens de réduire la place de Metz."

"Le Général soussigné se plaît à rendre justice aux rapports qui lui ont été faits, par le dit Sieur Johnston ; à son zèle ; aux preuves les moins équivoques de son desir d'être utile à la cause des alliés ; aux connoissances distinguées qu'il s'est acquises dans l'art de la Guerre, et à l'étude approfondie qu'il a faite de cette place forte. En foi de quoi il a signé le présent certificat, et y a apposé le sceau de ses armes.

Fait à Paris, le 2 Novembre, 1815.

(L. S.)

(Signé)

"ORLOFF."

Certificate.

"The undersigned, Major-General in the Russian service, exercising at the period of July, 1815, the functions of chief of the staff of the seventh corps of the Russian army, attests, by the present certificate, that in virtue of the orders of his Commander in chief, he continued for some time to concert with Mr. Johnston, in order to determine upon the best means for reducing the fortress of Metz.

"The undersigned experiences pleasure in rendering justice to the reports made to him, by the aforesaid Mr. Johnston; to his zeal; to the most unequivocal proofs he has given of his desire of being serviceable to the cause of the allied powers; to the distinguished knowledge he has acquired in the art of war, and to the profound study he has made of this strong fortress. In testimony of which he has signed the present certificate, and has affixed to the same his seal and coat of arms.

Paris, 2d November, 1815.

(Seal)

(Signed) ORLOFF."

Mr. Johnston throughout the whole of his publication contends, 1st, that the French government owe him indemnity and compensation for his illegal detention of nearly eleven years, with its attendant losses; 2dly, that the British government is in duty bound to see him indemnified, inasmuch as it is incumbent on every government to cause to be made good all unlawful wrongs and losses sustained by its subjects in foreign countries. No obligation upon earth, he maintains, can subsist without a reciprocity; and as it is an established maxim, "that a subject of Great Britain cannot, at any time, in any country, nor under any pretext whatever, withdraw his allegiance from his legitimate sovereign," it must naturally follow, that a British subject is to be protected by the power, and at the peril of his country, whenever a foreign government dares to offer him violence, or unjustly to deprive him of his liberty. Without this reciprocal obligation, on the part of government, all pretended allegiance from the subject to the sovereign becomes chimerical and absurd. "Nay," adds Mr. Johnston, "I

feel no hesitation in asserting, that a subject has as much right to be protected, *by the cannon of his country*, from the insults of a foreign power, as he has to be sheltered from the aggression of a fellow-citizen, *by the laws of his country.*"

Reasoning on this principle, our author displays much force, as well as ingenuity of argument. He appears to be of a bold, intrepid, and manly character; tenacious of what he conceives to be his right, steady and persevering in the pursuit thereof. Rank and station are not formed to dazzle his eye: nor will he stoop or crouch to power. To certain ears, the truths he promulgates may prove of unwelcome sound, but they cannot be invalidated by sophistry. The extracts we have given from the work will enable the reader to form a just and accurate estimate of our author's style, which is vigorous, and replete with nerve. Mr. Johnston concludes his statement with the following bold and forcible appeal:

"Are BRITONS to serve as mere beasts of burden to a few over-grown, over-bearing despots, who worship solely at Mammon's altar, and conceive the rest of mankind to be created for no other purpose, than that of stimulating their degenerate and depraved senses? Is so degrading a system to be suffered to proceed, until from oppression, our energy shall grow so luke-warm and enervated, that our callous and unfeeling AUTOCRATS, surrounded by their *Strelitz*, unblushingly declare themselves our LEGITIMATE masters, and HEREDITARY proprietors; the sweat of our brow *their* exclusive and indisputable PATRIMONY and RIGHT? Do they flatter themselves that the soil which produced a SIDNEY and a HAMPDEN has now, through their exertions, become barren in such heroic patriots? Can the awful moral handed down in the record of former ages, and the example of the present, have no effect upon the passive criminality of corrupted legislators? Injustice may triumph for a season, but ultimately it recoils with aggravated force upon the heads of the perpetrators! Like a fire, long smothered under accumulated pressure, it will infallibly burst forth with all the fury of volcanic eruption; it will force its vent through all opposing matter, and engulph every obstacle that offers impediment to its progress, with all the destructive ravages of an earthquake."

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

OWING to the partial suspension of dramatic performances, during Lent, together with their total interdict, during the Passion-week, our theatrical report this month must necessarily prove barren. Two new appearances, two revivals, and one after-piece, constitute the whole stock of novelty at Drury-lane. At Covent-garden, the bill of fare is even still more meagre, comprising only two new appearances, and one after-piece.

A new after-piece, entitled *Pitcairn's Island*, in two acts, was represented, for the first time, on Wednesday, April 17th. It is founded on a narrative recently published, of the discovery of an island, inhabited by the descendants of Fletcher Christian, and the rest of the mutineers belonging to the *Bounty*. As a spectacle, it is showy enough, and the ballet-master, Mr. Byrne, has overcharged it with dances, gymnastic feats, &c., even to a surfeit. But considered as a dramatic composition, it is miserable indeed. The dialogue has neither wit, nor sentiment, to recommend it. The fact is, the new after-piece of *Pitcairn's Island* was conceived, brought forth, rehearsed, and hurried on the stage, in the short space of two weeks.

At Covent-garden theatre, a Mr. Cobham made his first appearance on Easter-Monday, in the arduous part of *Gloucester*, in *Richard the Third*. It was truly a holiday treat, and never have we witnessed a more riotous and tumultuous scene. This gentleman's grand fault, is rant and exaggeration. He has since repeated the part, and in a more chastened style. The following evening a Mr. Bibby, a pupil of the late celebrated George Cooke, made his *debut* on the Covent-garden boards, as *Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant*, in the *Man of the World*. He is evidently possessed of considerable talent, and promises to prove an acquisition to the stage.

The comedy was succeeded by a new after-piece, in three acts, entitled, *Who wants a Wife?* or, *The Law of the Land*. It is got up with great splendor and magnificence, but as a dramatic composition, it is altogether unworthy of criticism. Liston is the very life and soul of the piece.

ASTLEY's.

This elegant theatre opened, according to long-established wont, on Easter-monday. In addition to its customary attractions, an Italian Performer, known by the denomination of *Il Diavolo*, has been engaged, whose exploits are truly astonishing. For feats of horsemanship, Astley's theatre stands unrivalled in all Europe. Were Madame Sachi to exhibit her wonderful rope-dancing on these boards, instead of infringing on the rights of the minor theatres, at Covent-garden, she would be more in her proper sphere, and the manager of the latter house would not be obnoxious to the inculcation of prostituting his patent.



Dear Countess your husband's gone into the other room;
I've slipped a letter into that book naming time & place

Very well - you rogue be punctual

I have a little demand Sir
of six hundred Pounds for
jewellery due to Mr J - is

I'll attend you directly,
and - take the benefit
of the act I'm d-d
glad

Och give me some ice by
the powers my flame consumes me

I shall be at the
Opera this Evening

O John I've bought such

O! Pa! that nice young Ho
like that picture of Venus
Sweet place every thing so ch

yes - and your pro
honest industrious p
bankrupts Hussey -
innovations I say

G. Cruikshank fecit

A BAZAAR

pretty things, now don't look so cross

Hofficer told me I was just
niss. O dear Pa what a
cheap?

poor father & all his
family will be
- Curse such

Somebody told Aunt you was a foot man, but I don't
believe it, & if you are I've Ten Thousand pounds
independent of them all

Have you
indeed! Oh!
you sweet
creature!!

we do not sell these things publicly
but here Ma'am is some Paste Pearls
with directions, but do Madam try
this bloom de l'Enclos you will look
so young with it

I'll take this packet of
rouge - but have you no little
article for a young woman
who has unfortunately lost
her teeth

I say, you know Cousin Toms in
Soho square?

Pshaw! that an old
story, now do, Sir, admire this
article you shall have it uncommonly
cheap

I dare say, for I'm sure it's
second hand, & common enough.

